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## INFANCY OF NAVIGATION AND WAR.

It is agreed upon all hands that, at least in the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians were the first who attempted long and adventurous voyages, either as pirates or merchants. They found, probably, their earliest imitators amongst the islands and on the coasts of Greece; where, however, the arts of building and navigating vessels appear to have advanced very slowly. We know that the most ancient Greek ships of burthen were flat-bottomed; as were also, perhaps, the public ferries, which plied with cattle and passengers between the islands and the continent. These were half-decked vessels, from twenty to thirty feet long, by about twelve wide; their timbers were bound together by wooden pins, the joints being made water-tight by tow; a rudder was added, a single mast erected in the middle, with a yard-arm for a linen sail, which was managed by means of cordage (if the expression may be allowed) formed of leather thongs. Unless the wind was direct in their favour, they seldom raised the sail; relying more upon the aid of oars, many of which were used not only in transports, but also in those lighter vessels destined for war or general commerce.

The keels of the latter were convex, like those of modern ships, but, like the former, they were usually only half-decked, the remaining space, as far as the prow, being occupied with benches for the rowers. They shaped their course, we need hardly say, by the sun in the daytime, and at night by the constellations. But they usually kept in view of the shore; for, having neither the knowledge nor the hardihood so necessary for the safe pilotage of a bark through the darkness and agitation of storms, they uniformly steered for land at the first approach of a gale, disembarked, and then drew up their vessel on shore, where they remained until the danger was over. Their principal weapons of defence against pirates or enemies were long poles pointed with brass. Amongst the early Greeks, the Phœnicians (inhabitants of the island now called Corfu) are supposed to have been the most expert navigators. It is remarkable, that they still maintain their ascendancy in this respect.

Combat on the sea was but very little practised in the times of which we speak. The poles already mentioned were used in resisting the attempts of the enemy to board. Some skill was required on the part of the assailants, in order to break, or avert, these weapons; when the adversaries grappled with each other in the contest, the falchions and dirks were called into requisition. No results of any importance appear to have been achieved in such conflicts. The fates of cities, and of their inhabitants, were constantly decided either within their own walls or in the plains which adjoined them.

Those cities were, of course, the most liable to invasion which were in the neighbourhood of the sea, and remarkable for their opulence. An enterprising pirate, with a handful of followers, would land suddenly, and rushing into the city before the people had time to arm, would plunder the houses of their richest move-

ables, and often carry away citizens, their wives and children, to sell them as slaves. The repetition of these evils soon taught the Greeks the advantage of surrounding their towns with walls, which they fortified with high towers. They stored these edifices, as well as the interior of the ramparts, with loose stones, which they showered with prodigious celerity and force upon assailants. In order to guard against surprise in a season of danger, they appointed watches, whose duty it was, on observing the approach of an enemy, to sound a trumpet and alarm the citizens. The walls were soon crowded with men and youths; for in those days military duties were not confined to a numbered portion of the community, but all persons contributed, as far as their strength enabled them, to the safeguard of their hearths and altars.

Even where the siege of a town was protracted for a length of time, although decided military habits were necessarily assumed in the course of the warfare, still they never superseded the rights nor extinguished the feelings of a citizen. The combatants followed their own leader—but as his friends and companions in danger, not as his dependants. Hopes of plunder doubtless brought him many associates; personal regard, and the natural spirit of faction which flows from it, many also; but compulsion none. When they took the field, they carried with them their forum, their laws, their judges, and their religion.

The spoils of sacked towns were divided by common suffrage; the question of continuing or raising the siege was submitted to the whole host, assembled in council. It is true that, in all these cases, regard was paid to the dignity of the chief commander; his voice was pre-eminently influential, and nothing was done without his sanction. But though his supremacy was recognised, yet his power was as little absolute in the camp as it was in the council. He was obliged to summon the petty princes of the different bands on every occasion, in order to take their advice upon every movement of an offensive or defensive nature; and the opinions of the majority prevailed against his own. They revered and obeyed him, as far as it was consistent with their notions of freedom, because he was the fountain of honour; and they considered him as entitled to the chief glory of victory, because, in case of reverse, upon him fell chiefly the ignominy of defeat. They acknowledged also the advantages arising from the residence of the supreme rule in one person, but they always took care that that rule should be exercised in a manner which was conformable to the general will, and conducive to the public welfare.

The forces consisted of heavy and light infantry, of charioteers and cavalry. The heavy infantry were armed with spears and falchions; the former being generally of ash, pointed with brass, and the blade of the latter being universally of brass also, for iron was as yet extremely scarce. Independently of their mail, they defended their persons by large oval shields, which reached from the neck to the ankle, and were formed of several hides of leather spread one over the other. Some of the leaders had shields which were fortified on each side by plates of brass or of gold. The shield was supported by a belt, which was passed over the right

shoulder, crossing, on the breast and back, the belt which sustained the falchion in its sheath. On the interior side of the shield there were two small wooden or metal handles, which enabled the soldier to shift its surface to the front or side, or behind him, as his security in action or his convenience in retreat required. His spear he bore in his right hand, to hurl at the enemy with all the strength which he could exert. If it took effect, he instantly took his falchion, and, rushing on the adversary, speedily terminated his struggles for existence. If the spear erred, or only penetrated the shield of the opponent, without reaching his person, then the assailant endeavoured, if possible, to recover it; and if he failed, he either repaired his disadvantage by hurling enormous stones at his adversary, or by manœuvring behind his shield until he induced him to send forth his spear also. Thus they were again on equal terms, and the victory was decided in close contest.

The light infantry were without shields; they skirted the battle with bows and arrows the points of which were barbed, and sometimes poisoned. Some bands emitted stones from slings, and others flung small javelins, which they drew back by thongs made fast to the weapon. Others used double-edged battle-axes of brass.

The chariots were drawn commonly by two, sometimes by three, very rarely by four horses, and, whatever their number, they were yoked always abreast; a custom which was not without its advantages, where lines or squares of infantry were to be broken. The body of the vehicle was contrived for the accommodation of two persons; one of whom held the reins and lashed the steeds, while the other, who wielded the spear, occupied a larger space behind, that he might not impede or be himself encumbered by the driver.

All were clad in helmets checked with brass; corselets which, with the appendant mail, covered the breast and flanks, and, in some instances, the back; and greaves, which reached from the knee to that part above the ankle where the sandals were bound. The helmets of the leaders were crested with horse-hair, and were in some instances formed of gold, as well as the remainder of the armour, but commonly of brass.

When a general engagement with the enemy was determined on by the chief commander and the princes allied with him, each flew to his own band—whether infantry, archers, cavalry, or charioteers,—and, animating them with all the eloquence of which he was master, he posted them in battle-array on the field. He who led a mingled force of charioteers and infantry disposed the former in front, giving them orders to restrain their horses in line,—not to crowd too much together, lest they should create confusion,—not to advance singly, from too great an eagerness to engage—nor, on the other hand, to retreat partially, thus weakening the squadron. It was particularly enjoined, that if any man was dismounted from his own chariot, and should find an opportunity of ascending the chariot of another, he should never seize the reins and attempt to drive horses which were strange to his voice and management, but grasp his spear and fight from the back of the vehicle. Any other course might be productive of serious disorder. The bravest bands of infantry were drawn up in squares in the rear, forming phalanges with spears protruded; and those of whose courage suspicions were entertained were placed in the middle, between these squares and the line of charioteers.

The forces being once arranged, the leaders left them to their own discipline and might, and advancing in their chariots, or on foot, towards the line of the enemy, gave challenge to the com-

manders to meet them in single combat. It was soon answered from the other side, often accompanied with reproaches; spears were hurled, falchions drawn, and, rushing at each other like lions, their shields and mail resounded under their ponderous blades, until either laid his adversary prostrate. The next movement was to cut off his head, and drag away the body to a distance, that the victor might strip it of the armour as his lawful booty; but this indignity the followers of the fallen chief would endeavour to prevent; the followers of the conqueror would as speedily fly to his support; the conflict would thus become general and desperate, until the prize was borne away by either host. Similar circumstances gave rise to similar engagements in other quarters of the field—chariot fought against chariot—shield clashed with shield—and showers of arrows dealt death indiscriminately through the ranks, until night, fatigue, or defeat terminated the battle.

When the adverse host was posted behind ramparts, the strife necessarily became more tedious and complicated. The trench was to be passed—the gates were to be broken in—the towers were to be thrown down—a breach was to be effected in the walls—the lines drawn up, one behind the other, within, to oppose the assailants, were to be successively defeated—while volleys of stones and other missiles were hurled from the tops of the towers, ramparts, and houses, which the assailants returned with diminished celerity and weakened force. In such cases, the enemy storming the town were under many disadvantages; for, although the fortifications were not constructed upon principles of strength or regularity, yet the means of attacking, overthrowing, or mounting them were so feeble and imperfect, that they seldom succeeded.

The struggle was always attended with acts of the most barbarous cruelty on the side of the besieged, and with examples of suffering on the part of the besiegers, which wound up their passions to the highest pitch of frenzy. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if they retaliated, on capturing the place, in a manner equally inhuman. Every man who was capable of assisting in its defence was slain—the houses were plundered and reduced to ashes—the children and women, even while weeping over their bleeding sires, husbands, and brothers, were already apportioned with the other spoils among the invaders, and were led away in captivity to distant climes, where, unless a large ransom was offered, their bondage knew no hope of freedom. Frequently the city itself was levelled with the surrounding territory, and, after the lapse of a few years, no man could tell where it had stood.

Indeed, the whole system of war was one of savage and inexorable vengeance, such as the Indians of America are wont to wage. Quarter was seldom asked, and still more rarely given. Few instances of generous enmity appear, to redeem the horrors by which battles were characterised. Though the heroes affected the palm of imperishable fame, they rarely displayed any military deserts which would entitle their names to remembrance, if their memory had not been embalmed in verse that was destined never to die.

It was not, however, to be inferred, from the cruelty of their warfare, that they were unacquainted with any rules of discipline. The weapons which they used were unfavourable to combined exertion, yet the heavy infantry maintained their positions, or advanced with their leaders to an assault, with considerable firmness and regularity. They had no standards or rallying flags of any description. The chieftain, indeed, was sometimes distinguishable by a purple robe which he wore, and which, in circumstances of the utmost emergency—where his forces, for

instance, were flying in confusion, he stripped off, and waved in his hand, as a signal for their gathering around him.

The trumpet was used as an instrument for propagating alarm in cities menaced with sudden invasion; but it was not yet taught to convey the different orders of a commander. One of the main causes of this was, that the leaders were themselves so much engaged in personal combats with those of the opposing army, that, in fact, they paid very little attention to their followers, and after the first harangue, and a few words of general advice, they had no further orders to give. In a field where no presiding prudence directed the movements of the whole host,—where no plan of action was previously meditated,—and where everything depended, not on skilful manœuvres, but upon the simplest exercise of individual prowess, the trumpet would have been of no use. On the contrary, in such a state of imperfect discipline, it could have been only a source of dismay. They would not have called a retreat, for with regular retrograde movements they were unacquainted, and the leaders permitted nobody to fly but themselves. It was no uncommon thing for even the most distinguished of these to make the best of their way from the field when they were afraid of being overpowered; and such retirements are excusable only in such warriors in whose names the principal strength of the host resided, and upon whose existence the balance of the war depended. The simplicity of the age was too unstately to demand a flourish of trumpets as the signal of a king's approach; the gods alone, when they descended to the field of battle, were thought worthy of such honour, but it was sounded in the heavens.

The camp was composed partly of ships, if the enemy came from over the sea, partly of huts, the sides of which were constructed of planks coated on the outside with mud. The roof was of weeds, rushes, or moss. The tent of the commander was divided into several apartments, and was furnished with couches, tables, places for beds, and warm rugs. Regular sentinels were posted throughout the camp; if an attack were apprehended, the guards were considerably strengthened, and fires kindled, round which, divided into separate bands, and fully accoutred in armour, shields, and spears, they kept watch during the night. Those who were not employed on the night-watch in such cases of alarm, slept in open air before the tents, resting their heads upon their shields, their spears planted in the ground beside them. The leader stretched his mailed limbs on a wild bull's hide, and supported his head on a robe or piece of purple tapestry, rolled up in the form of a cushion.

The manners of the camp were of course essentially different, in many respects, from those of the court. As the supreme chieftain was under the necessity of frequently feasting his princely allies, it may be presumed that his tent was large enough to afford abundant storage for wines, and accommodation for a considerable menial establishment. But the subordinate leaders commonly cooked for themselves, assisted by one or two favourite companions. The ceremonies of the bath, and of cleansing the hands before sitting to table, were dispensed with. The bard also fled the shock of arms, though an accomplished prince would now and then soothe his spirit in the sounds of his own harp; while the soldiers round the watch-fires cheered the night with the shrill notes of the pipe and syrinx. The soft mantle was exchanged for the shaggy skin of the lion, the wolf, the panther, or the leopard. The close cap of ferret or dog-skin, which was usually worn in time of peace and in the idleness of the camp, was removed for the crested helmet. Mars was the god to whom they addressed their vows before rushing to battle; and if they won the victory, they celebrated it in peans to Apollo. To Minerva they usually dedicated the spoils of an enemy, suspending them as a trophy, sometimes on a tamarisk, sometimes in a temple. In stripping a fallen foe of his armour, they evinced a savage inhumanity; but they almost atoned for it by the devotion with which they defended a slaughtered companion, by the affecting sensibility with which they mourned his death, and by the solemn honours which they paid to his remains.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### ALEXANDER VOLTA.

ALEXANDER VOLTA, the discoverer of the most wonderful instrument that human intelligence has yet bequeathed to man, the Voltaic Pile, or Galvanic Battery, was born at Como, in the territory of Milan, in Italy, on the 18th of February, 1745. He was educated under his father's eye in the public school of his native city, and at an early period gave unequivocal indications of uncommon endowments. His natural disposition was singularly happy, his love of order was conspicuous, and his application such that he soon outstripped all his school-fellows. Like the illustrious Davy, he paid court to the muses at an early age; whether they smiled upon him we cannot say, for his poem, which was written in Latin, has not seen the light. Some lines on Saussure's ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, are also reckoned amongst his achievements in verse. Both subjects are susceptible of poetical embellishment by a lively fancy, but still the choice of these themes indicates the bias of Volta's mind to philosophical pursuits. And it is well that this bias prevailed over every other predilection. The world would scarcely exchange the Voltaic Pile even for another "Divine Comedy," or a new "Orlando Furioso."

At the age of eighteen, we find Volta in correspondence with the celebrated philosopher Nollet, relative to some of the most recondite questions in physics. Six years afterwards he had the boldness to encounter the subject of the Leyden jar in the first memoir which he published. This apparatus had been discovered in 1746, and soon excited great attention all over the civilised world. Many were the theories brought forward to account for its singular and astonishing effects; but to Franklin belongs the honour of having explained its mode of action; nor does it appear that the labours of Volta added anything to what was previously known. At the time to which this part of Volta's life refers, (it may be mentioned) the subject of electricity in general was eagerly investigated, and pursued by almost every one who laid claim to the title of philosopher. The field which it presented for experiment and speculation was as rich as it was ample; it had equal attraction for the hoary veteran and for the youthful aspirant. Each new discovery that was made, like a new ascent in the Alps, opened up still more comprehensive views; the prospect expanded with every step that was taken in advance; and, like some newly-settled and fertile country, whoever engaged in its cultivation with proper industry, was pretty sure of reaping an adequate reward. To this subject, accordingly, Volta devoted much of his time. His second memoir, which appeared in 1771, contained a description of a new electrical machine. This treatise is remarkable for the steadiness which the author displays in avoiding systematic generalisation, so fascinating in itself, and so frequently baneful to science. He walks by the light of observation alone in determining the various conditions of electrical bodies,—a restraint the more remarkable from the youth of the author, and from its rarity at the time. It is pleasing to record that Volta's countrymen were loud in the praise of his talents, that he was immediately elevated to the situation of regent of the Royal School of Como, and that he was soon after chosen professor of physics, at Pavia.

The fact that electricity shows itself or disappears in certain bodies when they are separated, or in immediate contact, led to many interesting researches. Volta made it his particular study, and the result was the discovery of the perpetual electrophorus, an admirable instrument, which in the smallest size forms an inexhaustible source of the electric fluid. To the memoir which embodied an account of this invention, succeeded, in 1778, another very important work. It had been previously observed that a given body, whether empty or full, has the same electrical capacity, provided the surface remains constant. But it was Volta who first established this principle upon a solid basis. By his experiments he proved, that of two cylinders having the same surface the one which is longest receives the greatest charge, so that an immense advantage is gained by substituting for the large conductors of common electrical machines, a number of very small cylinders, although, on the whole, these do not occupy a greater space. Thus, in combining sixteen wires of thin plated rods, each one thousand feet in length, we might, according to Volta's theory, form a machine powerful enough to kill the largest animal by its discharge. Not one of Volta's discoveries was the gift of chance—all were the fruit of study. Every instrument with which he



enriched science, existed in principle in his imagination before an artist was employed in its material construction.

In 1776-7, our philosopher was occupied during some months with a subject purely chemical. Yet it was ultimately made subservient to the advancement of electrical science, for which he had the most decided predilection. At this period, chemists having found inflammable gas nowhere native except in coal and salt-mines, it was considered a product of the mineral kingdom alone. But Volta demonstrated that the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances is always accompanied by the disengagement of inflammable gas; that if we stir even the mud at the bottom of a pool, the gas is disengaged from it, and rises with all the appearances of ordinary ebullition. Thus the inflammable gas of marshes, called in scientific phraseology, *carburetted hydrogen*, is a discovery of the professor of Pavia. Volta pursued the subject much further, and was led to a series of discoveries closely related to one another. It was his belief that burning fountains, and tracts of ground which emit smoke and flame, are attributable to the presence of this gas, now shown to be much more widely distributed in nature than was formerly supposed. But he did not hastily resign himself to any theory, however plausible it appeared, from simple analogy; he applied the touchstone of experiment to every hypothesis. Repairing, in 1780, to Pietra Mala de Velleja, he rigorously examined the phenomena of the flaming mountain, which renders that place so celebrated, compared appearances with the descriptions of analogous localities in books of travels, and in opposition to received opinion, established the fact, that these phenomena do not depend upon the presence of petroleum, or naphtha, or bitumen, but upon that of the gas which he had found at the bottom of stagnant pools, and upon that alone. During his researches relative to carburetted hydrogen, he invented firstly, the *electrical gun and pistol*, upon which, however, we need not dwell, as they have passed from the hands of the philosopher into those of the juggler; secondly, the *permanent hydrogen lamp*, much better known in Germany than here, which lights itself by the most ingenious application of the electrophorus; and lastly, the *eudiometer*, the precious means of ascertaining the quantity of oxygen contained in a given bulk of elastic fluid, such as atmospheric air. The greatest philosophers consider Volta's eudiometer as the most accurate instrument of the kind extant. By its aid it has been proved beyond doubt, that under all circumstances, and over the whole earth, on the loftiest summit of the Andes, and in the deepest valley which they embosom, the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere remains for ever the same.

But we have oversight some events in the life of this distinguished philosopher. The electric spark was used to set fire to certain liquids, vapours, and gases, such as alcohol, the smoke of a newly-extinguished candle, and hydrogen, but hitherto all these experiments were performed in the open air. Volta, in 1777, was the first who repeated them in close vessels, and to him, therefore, belongs the merit of having first conceived the idea of that apparatus, in which our own Cavendish, four years afterwards, synthetically formed water by combining the two constituent gases, oxygen and hydrogen, by means of the electric spark. Some less important investigations relative to the dilatation of air we pass over, and come to those researches which ultimately led Volta to that capital discovery which has immortalised his name.

Electricity pervades the earth and all substances, but gives no indication of its existence, unless some mechanical or chemical means be had recourse to,—when, however, it is very easily called into activity. We cannot explain why it is roused from its state of quiescence, or indeed what it is, whether a material body penetrating all substances, or merely a property of matter. But an hypothesis of one kind or another is necessary for explaining appearances, and it has been assumed that electricity is a highly elastic fluid, capable of passing through matter with various degrees of facility. After electricity became an object of study with men of science, it was soon observed that bodies in one electric state attract, and in another repel each other. For instance, if a dry glass rod or a stick of sealing-wax, be briskly rubbed with a dry woollen cloth, and immediately presented to any light substance, such as fragments of paper or straw, it will instantly attract them, and afterwards repel them. Hence arose the hypothesis that there are two kinds of electricity, which have been called the positive and negative; referring to the above instance, the glass or wax, after being rubbed, is said to be positively electrified, while the light body is negatively electrified. Whether there really be two different fluids, or the mutual attraction and repulsion of bodies arises from the redundancy of elec-

tricity on the one side, (that of the glass,) or a want of it on the other (that of the straw,) is immaterial, since all the phenomena can be explained by either theory. For measuring the quantity of electricity contained in bodies, a class of instruments called *electrometers* were invented, and which may be briefly described. If two small pith balls be suspended from two threads, whose opposite ends are attached to a conductor which communicates with the electrified body, whatever it may be, then the balls, by becoming themselves electrified, repulse each other, and the distance to which they are separated, constitutes the measure of the electricity which the electrified body contains. Such is the general principle upon which electrometers are constructed, and it is sufficient to state that Volta made some very material improvements on the instrument, although his form of it has been superseded by more recent inventions. The hypothesis which had been advanced, that two fluids were concerned in the production of electrical phenomena, naturally led to the investigation of the source from which they emanate. The problem was an important one; but an experiment delicate although very simple, put philosophers on the way of its solution. In this experiment an insulated vessel, (that is, one placed upon a non-conductor, such as glass,) from which water was evaporating, gave indubitable evidence of being negatively electrified. In explanation of the fact, Volta advanced the doctrine that water passing from a liquid to an æreiform state, borrowed not only the heat but the electricity of the body with which it was in contact, namely, the vessel. The electric fluid, then, is an essential part of those great masses of vapours which are continually exhaling from seas and other bodies of water, as well as from the surface of the earth. In rising into the higher regions of the atmosphere, these vapours encounter a cold which condenses them. As they condense, they give out their electricity just as they took it in when they expanded from a dense into a rare form, and the electricity thus disengaged would accumulate to an enormous extent in those upper regions, (for air itself being a very feeble conductor, hinders it from returning to the earth whence it was taken) were it not for rain, snow, hail, and those occasional violent discharges so familiar to us in summer and autumn. Thus, according to the theory here propounded, the electric fluid, which in a thunder-storm shoots like arrows of dazzling fire along the darkened sky,—which gives rise to explosions so tremendous and appalling, and which, in plunging from the clouds to the earth, carries destruction, fire, and often death along with it,—all these terrible phenomena are the inevitable consequence of the simple evaporation of water, a process which goes on so gently and moderately, that it is generally imperceptible to the senses! When we thus compare effects with their causes, it must be confessed that nature often presents the most remarkable contrasts. The hurricane, which sometimes reduces whole islands to a heap of ruins in a few hours, results from a cause as imperceptible in its operation as the evaporation of water, namely, the rarefaction of the air in the equatorial regions. By Volta's discovery a wide field for philosophical speculation was opened up, but this is not the place to pursue the subject further. We have now arrived at one of those rare and important epochs of science, in which a striking and unexpected fact, generally the result of some happy accident, becomes in the hands of genius the source of a complete revolution in science.

"What great events from trivial causes spring!" says the poet; and never was the truth of the saying more strikingly verified than in the immortal invention of the Voltaic Pile. In fact, it owes its origin to a slight rheumatism with which a lady of Bologna was affected in 1790, and for which a dish of frogs were prescribed by her physician. Some of these animals, deprived of their skins, were lying on the table at the time when an electrical machine was accidentally discharged. Although the muscles had not been touched by the sparks, they were strongly convulsed. The fact astonished Galvani, at that time an eminent medical lecturer of Bologna. The accident happened in his house, during his absence: but being informed of it by his wife, he repeated the experiment in a great variety of ways, and at length found, that similar contractions may be produced by interposing one, or, better still, two plates of metal between a muscle and a nerve. Following up his researches, he thought he had proved that positive electricity had its seat in the nerves, negative electricity in the muscles, and that the effect of the metal was merely to restore the equilibrium. These views were plausible, and seduced the public; electricity now took the place of the nervous fluid, which had long been a favourite form of expression for something which was supposed to express the mysterious phenomena of life, although no one had ever yet attempted to prove its existence. In a word, it was now believed that science had at

last obtained that physical agent which carries external impressions to the sensorium! But all this beautiful romance melted away before the searching experiments of Volta. He proved that similar contractions could be excited if we form a connexion between two parts of the same nerve, between two muscles, or between two parts of the same muscle; but to produce the effect two different metals were found to be requisite. He also showed that sensations can be excited by placing a piece of silver on one side of the tongue, and a piece of copper on the other; when their edges are brought into contact, or a connection is established between them by means of a conductor, a peculiar taste is felt, and not unfrequently a flash of light appears to pass before the eyes. The conclusion at which the professor of Pavia arrived was, that the electricity is not derived from the living system, but from the action excited between the metal and the humid animal fibre; that the animal matter acts merely as a medium conducting this electricity, and that the effects result from the electric fluid passing along the nerves and fibres. Although at first strenuously opposed on all hands, Volta remained unshaken in his opinions; and now that a splendid science has been created out of the happy accident of an humble frog lying near an electrical machine, his deductions are proved to be correct.

It was in the beginning of the year 1800, that our philosopher was led, by profound reasoning and ingenious experiment, to the construction of the Voltaic Pile, the most marvellous instrument which the ingenuity of man has invented, not excepting the telescope or the steam-engine. In pursuing his researches, he found that plates of different metals, such as silver and zinc, in contact with one another, are excited, the former negatively, and the latter positively. By interposing between these alternate discs a piece of wet cloth, and by increasing the number of pairs, taking care to connect the extremities, so that the circuit might return into itself, he discovered a method of greatly augmenting the Galvanic energy:—and such was the primitive form of this unrivalled instrument of chemical research. The relative position of the metals was the same in the whole series; that is, if the copper was placed below the zinc in the first combination, the same order was observed in all the others. The opposite ends being differently excited, as we have said, when they were made to communicate by means of a wire proceeding from each, electricity flowed from one to the other in a continued current. If the wires were applied to living matter, sensations and contractions were excited; they also gave the electric spark: in short, the whole phenomena of electricity were exhibited. The instrument in its early form is rarely used, as other arrangements on the same principle are found much more convenient. Volta himself invented another apparatus, which is nearly identical with the Voltaic Battery, now an indispensable part of the furniture of a laboratory. It consisted of a series of glass cups filled with water or a saline solution. In each cup was placed a plate of zinc, and a plate of silver or copper; the plate of silver in the one cup being connected with that of zinc in the other, by a thin slip of metal bent into an arc, and the same order being preserved as in the construction of the pile. Other improvements were rapidly introduced, and the discoveries in Voltaic electricity multiplied with a rapidity, and to an extent which surpassed anything hitherto known in the history of science. The most convenient form of the apparatus is that invented by Cruickshank, and well known by the name of the Galvanic (it ought to have been Voltaic) trough. It is simply a long narrow vessel in which alternating plates of zinc and copper are opposed to the action of a weak acid solution contained in cells into which the trough is partitioned. Three substances are necessary to form a Voltaic circuit, but it is indispensable that one of them should be a fluid. The electricity obtained in this manner is feeble, but it may be augmented to any extent by increasing the number of plates. Metallic contact is not necessary for the production of Voltaic electricity; it is entirely the result of chemical action. The intensity of the electricity is in proportion to the intensity of the affinities concerned in its production, and the quantity produced is in proportion to the quantity of matter which has been chemically active during its evolution.

Some of his biographers have represented Volta as having suffered from enfeebled intellect during the last six or seven and twenty years of his life. But there is no foundation for this charge; indeed it is sufficiently repelled by the fact, that, seventeen years after he had made his immortal discovery of the Voltaic Pile, he wrote two ingenious memoirs, the one upon the phenomenon of hail, and the other upon periodical storms, and the cold by which they are accompanied. Volta was incessantly employed in the duties of his professorship and scientific experiments. He

was one of the most popular lecturers of his time, and attracted students from all parts of the country. His language was lucid without preparation, sometimes animated, but always impressed with modesty and politeness. He rarely stirred from home, and never except when a scientific object was in view. In 1801, at the invitation of Buonaparte, then first consul of the French republic, he repaired to Paris, where he repeated his electrical experiments before a numerous commission of the Institute. It is narrated of Napoleon, that after witnessing the decomposition of the salts by means of the Voltaic Pile, he turned to Corvisart, his physician, and said, "Here, doctor, is the image of life; the vertebral column is the pile, the liver is the negative, and the bladder the positive, pole." The importance of Voltaic researches is not less than it was estimated by Buonaparte; but the results to which it was to lead were of a kind altogether different from those which thus suggested themselves to his mind. It was one of the redeeming points of his character, that he showed much attachment to men of science, and in many instances was their munificent patron. At his suggestion, the Institute voted the Italian philosopher a gold medal by acclamation; and as the great warrior never did anything by halves, on the same day Volta received from the funds of the state two thousand crowns, to defray the expenses of his journey. The first consul further displayed his zeal in the cause of this branch of science, by establishing a prize of two thousand five hundred pounds in favour of the individual who should make a discovery which would bear a comparison with those made by Franklin and Volta. He likewise conferred on Volta the cross of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, named him member of the Italian council, and elevated him to the dignity of count and senator of the kingdom of Lombardy. But the philosopher and the politician are incompatible professions. He made no figure in the senate, in this respect falling short even of Newton, who, during his parliamentary career, is said to have spoken only once in the House of Commons; the solitary oration being a direction to the door-keeper to shut one of the windows through which a draught of air was directed upon the person who then addressed the house. Volta, however, never once opened his lips. Profound thinkers are liable to fits of abstraction, which are quite destructive to a public speaker. Newton was remarkable for his absence of mind—so Volta appears to have been; at all events, the following anecdote, related by M. Arago, savours of it:—When in Paris, he was daily seen entering bakers' shops and purchasing large loaves, which he devoured as he went along the streets, without ever suspecting that any one would remark him. He forgot that he was far from the rural scenes of his native Como, and in the heart of the most polite capital in Europe. These traits of the character of great men, although minute, are neither trifling nor uninteresting. Fontenelle has told us that Newton had a thick head of hair, and that he lost only one tooth; and we thank the pleasant Frenchman for his information.

In 1819, Volta retired from all connexion with the scientific world, scarcely admitting to an interview any of the numerous travellers who were attracted to Como by his renown. He expired on the 5th of March, 1827, aged eighty-two years and fifteen days. Volta was tall, possessing handsome and regular features, like those of an ancient statue, with a very large forehead, which profound thought had deeply furrowed. His long life appears to have been almost unweaved by those storms with which humanity is often so rudely assailed. His discoveries certainly created envy; but if, as Franklin says, happiness, like material bodies, is made up of insensible elements, then was Volta happy. He had a difference with Galvani, which was unfortunate. Yet no Italian ever pronounced the name of Volta without profound esteem and respect. Indeed, his countrymen seem to have entertained something like a fraternal regard for him; for, from Roveredo to Messina, he was hailed by the title of *our* Volta. Besides the distinctions which were conferred on him by Napoleon, he was honoured by the different academies of Europe. But these dignities never created pride in him, nor corrupted the simplicity of his character or manners, which retained to the last traces of the rural habits that he had acquired in youth. The desire of study was the only passion which he possessed, and the indulgence of it preserved him pure from worldly contaminations. A strong and quick intellect, expansive and just ideas, and sincerity and uprightness, were the characteristics of the illustrious Volta.

As a discoverer, he is entitled to take a place in the same category with Newton, Watt, and Davy. The chief glory of Davy rests on the application of Volta's invention as an instrument of analysis. To Watt he presents the strongest points of comparison: the fame of the Scotchman is based upon his application of the

principle of latent heat (discovered by Black) in the condensation of steam, and the construction of his unrivalled steam-engine in conformity with this principle. In the same manner, we have seen the discovery of Galvani turned to account by Volta, and an instrument invented which has already explained some of the profoundest mysteries of nature, and will go on to do so: who can assign limits to its powers? The steam-engine has given us control over stupendous masses of matter, and enabled us to combat the elements with success; while the Voltaic battery has reduced these masses to their simple forms, and enabled us to ascertain the nature of the constituent particles of which they are composed. Nothing seems too great for the mechanical powers of the one, or too minute for the subtle and irresistible energy of the other; and he would be a bold theorist, indeed, who would presume to determine how far the influence of either may be extended.

### LECKINSKI'S TRIALS;

#### A TALE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot), in her "Memoirs," gives the following very interesting "trait of heroic fortitude on the part of a young Polish officer." His presence of mind was as remarkable as his courage—if not more so.

"When Murat was in Madrid, he had occasion to send some despatches to Junot in Lisbon. These despatches were of the utmost importance, and all the roads leading from Madrid to the Portuguese capital were covered by guerrillas, or by regular troops commanded by officers who had acted an important part in the Spanish revolution, and who thus composed the army of Castaños. Murat mentioned the difficulty to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador at the court of Spain, who had remained at Madrid. It is well known that at the period here referred to, Russia was the friend rather than the ally of France, Baron Strogonoff told the Grand Duke of Berg that he could suggest a plan for the transmission of the despatches.

"Admiral Siniavin," said the Baron, "is in the port of Lisbon. Send to me one of the most intelligent of your Polish lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform, and I will give him despatches for the admiral; you can give him your instructions verbally, and I will answer for it that all will be right, even though he should be taken twenty times between this and Lisbon. The insurgent army is too anxious to secure our neutrality to be the first to create a ground of rupture."

"Murat was delighted with the scheme. He requested the commander-in-chief of the Polish troops, who I think was Krasinski, to select for him a brave and intelligent young officer. Two days afterwards the Polish commander sent to the grand duke a young man for whom he declared he would answer with his head. He was named Leckinski, and was only eighteen years of age.

"The Grand Duke of Berg was not a little astonished to find the young officer manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake an enterprise of no ordinary peril; for in the event of his being discovered, his fate was certain—and that fate was death. Murat, brave as he himself was, could not refrain from pointing out to Leckinski the danger he was about to encounter. The young Pole smiled and said—'If your imperial highness will give me your orders, I will pledge myself to execute the mission. I thank my general for having selected me from among my comrades, every one of whom was emulous of the favour.'

"The grand duke augured well of the young man's courage and intelligence. He gave him his instructions. Baron Strogonoff supplied him with despatches to Admiral Siniavin. The young Pole was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

"During the two first days he pursued his course without molestation; but on the afternoon of the third day, he was attacked by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general commanding the military force of the district. Luckily for the adventurous young Pole, that general was Castaños himself.

"Leckinski was perfectly aware that he was lost, if suspected to be a Frenchman. Consequently, he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, and to speak only Russian and German, which latter language he could speak with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castaños, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him should he be discovered. The horrible death of General René, who only a few weeks previously had perished in torture for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude. Death itself may be braved, but to

meet it by a refinement of torture is more than the bravest man can contemplate with indifference.

"Who are you?" said Castaños, addressing the Pole in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency, having been educated at Sorrèze.

"Leckinski looked steadfastly at his interrogator, made a sign, and replied in German, 'I do not understand.'

"Castaños himself understood and spoke German; but apparently not wishing to take an active part in the business, he called one of the officers of his staff, by whom the examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and in German, and kept himself cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play, for in the little apartment in which the examination took place he was pressed upon by a crowd of persons, all thirsting for his blood, and manifesting a ferocious eagerness that he might be found guilty—that is, declared to be a Frenchman.

"This furious excitement was increased by a circumstance which threatened to involve the unfortunate young man in inextricable difficulty. An aide-de-camp of Castaños (one of those fanatical patriots so numerous in the Spanish war), who from the moment of Leckinski's arrest, had declared him to be a French spy, rushed into the room in which the examination was going on, holding by the arm a peasant dressed in a brown jacket, and high-crowned hat surmounted by a red feather. Having worked his way through the crowd, the officer placed the peasant before the Polish officer.

"Look at that man," said he, "and then inform us whether he is either a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation," continued he, stamping his foot furiously on the ground.

"The peasant for a few moments gazed steadfastly at the young Pole. Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed, '*Es un Frances! Es un Frances!*'

"He related that a few weeks previously he had been to Madrid, to convey some hay; having, in common with all the inhabitants of his village, been required to carry forage to the barracks. 'I know this man,' continued the peasant, 'he is the same to whom I delivered the forage, and who gave me a receipt for it. I stood beside him for nearly an hour, and I know his face well. When I saw him arrive, I said to my comrades, That is the French officer to whom I delivered my forage.'

"Castaños probably saw the truth; but he was a noble and generous enemy. It was not by wantonly spilling blood that he wished to cement the edifice of Spanish liberty, which would have risen gloriously and durably had it been left to the management of such men as himself, Romana, Palafox, &c. Castaños possibly perceived that the prisoner was not a Russian, but he dreaded the cruel treatment to which he would be exposed if he were discovered to be a Frenchman. He suggested that he should be allowed to continue his journey; but at this a hundred menacing voices were raised.

"But," asked Castaños, 'would it be prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have so earnestly solicited?'

"No," replied the officers; 'but let it be proved that this man is really a Russian.'

"Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out and locked up in a miserable chamber, which resembled a dungeon in the most fearful days of the inquisition.

"At the moment of his arrest, Leckinski had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the door of his prison closed upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. Add to this, the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered in the interval, and it cannot be matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion, on a mattress which lay on the ground, in one corner of his prison.

"He had been asleep about two hours, when the door of the chamber slowly opened, and some one softly approached his couch. A hand was held before the flame of the lamp, to shade the light from his eyes, and when the hand was withdrawn, Leckinski felt some one tap him on the shoulder, and a sweet-toned female voice uttered the words, '*Voulez-vous souper?*'

"The young Pole, who was suddenly roused from his slumber by the glare of light, the contact of the hand, and the words of the young female, raised himself on his couch, and with his eyes scarcely open, exclaimed in German, 'What do you say?'

"Send him his supper," said Castaños, 'on hearing the result of this first trial, and then saddle his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have kept



on the mask, when thus taken by surprise? The thing is impossible.

"But Castaños did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, it is true, but he continued in his dungeon till morning. He was then conducted to a place, whence he could see the mutilated bodies of ten Frenchmen, who had been brutally massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo. There, for the space of a whole day, he was left to contemplate death in its most horrible form. He was surrounded by snares—watched by ears and eyes, eager to catch at any unguarded word or gesture. At length, at the expiration of several hours of cruel trial, he was reconducted to his prison, to reflect at leisure on the horror of his situation.

"Gentlemen," said General Castaños to his brother officers, 'I am as fully sensible as you of the importance of preventing communication between the different French commanders, at present in Spain; but in the position in which this officer stands, we cannot treat him as a spy, on the mere assertion of a peasant. The man may be mistaken. He may be deceived by a resemblance; and in that case, we should be murderers. That is not the character in which we ought to show ourselves.'

"It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to return to his prison. For nearly twelve hours he had before his eyes gibbets and mutilated bodies. Though his mind was haunted by horrid images and gloomy forebodings, he nevertheless fell into a profound sleep, for exhausted nature demanded repose. Amidst the dead slumber in which all his senses were lulled, the door again softly opened, a female form approached his couch, and the same sweet voice which had addressed him on the previous night, said in a half whisper—'Rise, and follow me—you are saved; your horse is waiting.'

"At the words, 'you are saved,' Leckinski started up, and immediately recovering his presence of mind, he replied, as he had before done, in German, by the question, 'What do you say?'

"On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castaños urged his immediate liberation; but his wish was again overruled.

"Leckinski passed another miserable night. At daybreak next morning he was awakened by four men, one of whom was the peasant who alleged he had seen him at Madrid. They had come to conduct him before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castaños' staff. They addressed to him the most bitter menaces, but, firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand a word they said.

"When arraigned before his judges, he inquired in German for his interpreter. The latter was brought in, and the examination commenced.

"He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He replied by showing the despatches from the Russian ambassador to Admiral Sinavin, and his passport; but for the unfortunate rencounter with the peasant, who had seen him at Madrid, these proofs would doubtless have been satisfactory. However, the young Pole firmly adhered to the account he had first given of himself, and never prevaricated in his answers.

"Ask him," said the president of the committee, 'whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he says he is not a Frenchman.'

"The interpreter translated the question.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski, 'I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and mine were both united.'

"Colonel," said the interpreter, 'the prisoner says he hates us, because we carry on war like banditti; and he would like to see the whole nation united in one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow.'

"Whilst these words were uttered, the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the expression of the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by the infidelity of his interpreter. He stood unmoved.

"Leckinski was prepared for every trial, and was on his guard against the snare.

"Gentlemen," said General Castaños, who was present at the examination, 'it appears to me that there is no ground of suspicion against this young man, and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey.'

"Accordingly, his arms and despatches were restored to him; and the brave young Pole thus triumphantly passed through a series of trials, which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid; but Junot would not suffer him again to expose himself to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped."

## THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The dogs of Constantinople may be divided into two classes—the Frank and the Turkish dog. The first class is small, and only to be found in the streets of Pera, or harbouring about the doors of Frank houses and cafés. They appear to be nearly all akin, if not in the direct line, from the English pointer dog, and it has been supposed that some English travellers, who have visited Pera, have either lost their dogs or had them stolen from them, and from these the present race has sprung; as certainly they have not been trained to the field, which I ascertained from several persons who made trial of them. Some of these dogs appear to have a local habitation and a name, as they may frequently be seen sitting in the doorways of Frank houses, to which they have—what is always denied to a Turkish dog—the privilege of an *entrée*. The greater part, however, like their Turkish brethren, are nameless and houseless wanderers, living and sleeping entirely on the street, or among the ruins of some adjacent building. They are harmless, and do not bark nor snap at the Frank as he passes; neither do the Franks beat or molest them in the smallest degree, but seem rather to regard them as unfortunate strangers in a foreign land; and if one of them should get assailed by a Turkish dog, woe to the assailant if a Frankish stick is near at hand!

The first thing that attracts a stranger on arriving at the capital of the Turkish empire, is the immense number of dogs he meets lying in his way—some in the centre of the street, others right across the footpath, sound asleep, and perfectly unconscious that they have chosen the situation, of all others, that will subject them to most danger. In walking along, a stick is absolutely necessary, in order to make them get out of the way; and in many cases three or four good blows have to be administered, in order to get the lazy cur to move. An Irishman, whose patience had been severely tried during the winter of 1838-39, used to remark, that "they were four-stroke-proof gentlemen"—one blow on the head, to awaken them; another on the legs, to let them feel they were awake; a third on the face, to make them get up; and a fourth behind, to help them to run away.

If a stranger appears in the street in the Frank dress, (and the dogs know a stranger as well as the *préfet de la police de Paris*), and the dog be not asleep, he instantly sets up a cry, something between a bark and a howl, which soon draws all the other dogs in the vicinity forth, to join in the chorus. Woe to the poor stranger who is annoyed, in walking along the streets of a strange town, with six or eight dogs at his heels, and as many standing on each side of him—his temper will be put sadly to the test. The only remedy is to walk on, apparently unmindful of their attentions, but at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon their movements, until one of them, presuming upon his apparent negligence, more bold than the others, approaches within length of the stick—then let a blow be struck quick and heavy over his enterprising head; if well struck, a howl, such as must be heard to be understood, will follow from the sufferer: this will be caught up in chorus by all the others, and turning tail, the whole pack will each consult his own personal safety in a speedy retreat. If the blow is missed, or not dealt with stunning force, it had as well been left alone, as it will only increase their wrath and boldness. Nothing will drive them away but the howl of pain from some one of their clan, or some native, taking pity on the unfortunate Frank, calling out "Huist! huist! huist!" These exclamations have some magical sound attached to them that I could not understand, as I never yet heard a Turk or a Rayah use them, but the dogs ran away.

As the stranger begins to know the town a little better, the dogs know him also; and if he is liberal in dealing out heavy blows when they are called for, and careful to let the dogs alone when they do not annoy him, he will soon be left in comparative tranquillity; but it is not an uncommon thing for him to have his temper so much ruffled, that he begins to beat every dog which comes within reach of his stick. There was an Englishman who,

during the summer of 1838, adopted the resolution, that whenever a dog barked at him, to strike the next one he came to; and to this plan he stuck so close during his stay, that latterly the dogs gave him no annoyance, and the Turks called him "the dog-bastinating *ghiaour*."

To what particular race these street-dogs belong, it would be difficult to say. They appear to be a mixture of a great many mongrel breeds, but comparatively few of them are what is called the pure Turkish dog. Among the street-dogs, there are no doubt many of what is called the Turkish dog; an animal, though undescribed by naturalists, yet undoubtedly deserving of some attention—but the Turkish dog, in all its purity, must be looked for in the burial-grounds, where they bear a proportion of nine to one of the mixed breeds; while in the streets their proportion is not more than one in ten. The street-dogs, or mixed breed, are of all shapes, sizes, and colours; some of them can only bark, others only howl, while there are again some who can both bark and howl. The pure Turkish dogs, on the contrary, are of one uniform shape, and generally at maturity are nearly of the same size. In form, they are like the strong, thick-set Scottish sheep-dogs, remarkably strong in the legs, and very broad from ear to ear; in size, they are rather larger than the shepherd's dogs, and generally of a black or brown-and-black colour; they cannot bark, but howl like a wolf; and, like the street-dogs, can only be put to flight by a smart hard blow—a slight tap is of no use; the blow must be struck with such force as to make the receiver eloquent—when he and his companions will take the hint, and make themselves scarce as speedily as possible.

It would be a matter of great difficulty to arrive at anything like an accurate calculation of the number of these street and burial-ground dogs in Constantinople. I have sometimes counted them in one street, and sometimes in quarters or divisions, at several different parts of the city and suburbs, and from these data endeavoured to come to an accurate calculation; but the sum total has always been such as to make me stagger, and I am almost certain that I will not be credited in stating their number to be about 200,000; though I think this account more likely to be under than above the fact. It may be wondered how so many of these animals obtain food; and I must admit myself perfectly unable to solve the problem, but imagine that the great source of their sustenance is derived from being the scavengers of the city and suburbs, devouring all sorts of filth and dirt thrown out from the houses: they also feed upon such strange dogs or cats, or stray rats, that may fall in their way; for they have all their particular localities, in which they are whelped, suckled, and fed, and in which they live and die. Woe betide the unfortunate dog that strays out of his district into that of another clan! If he escapes being torn to pieces, he will return to his own quarter well covered with wounds. The extent of these canine divisions of the city vary from sixty to two hundred yards in range; in any part of which, a dog appertaining to it is perfectly safe from all attack from his own species, but, if once beyond its precincts into that of a strange clan, the chances are ten to one that he never returns. I have seen many strange dogs get into the neighbourhood of where I lived, but very rarely saw any of them effect their escape. The whole dogs of the district, in such cases, are drawn together by a particular howl or bark, and the intruder being pulled down, is speedily devoured. The cats of the district live on terms of great amity with the dogs, and often may be found sleeping together in the street; but the cat that is imprudent enough to stray along the ground from his own quarter, is soon food for the resident dogs of the district intruded upon. The cats, however, are not often so foolish: if they are inclined to ramble, they do so along the house-tops, as they can do so for miles without any danger; taking the liberty of entering such houses as they find accessible in their stroll, and freely helping themselves, when they can, to the good cheer of the larder.

It is not an uncommon thing, in severe weather, to see the Turks with a bag of coarse bread under their arm, feeding these

animals in the street, although they would not give a morsel of it to a Christian dying of hunger; and there are certain portions of the city where a certain number of dogs are fed every day, by order of various deceased sultans. Connected with all the different barracks there is generally a band of from two to six hundred dogs, who may be seen scattered about the neighbourhood at all hours, basking themselves in the sun in summer, or warming themselves in the snow in winter. When the hour draws nigh for the soldiers' dinner or supper, they will all be gathered together in front of the barrack-gate, as closely huddled together as a flock of sheep, wagging their tails, and looking the very picture of joyous anticipation until the dinner is over; then the cart filled with the bones and cast-away morsels of the soldiers' repast appears—the dogs surround it on every side, and while it is being drawn to the place appointed for tumbling it up, the frenzy is great; but when the emptying takes place, and the precious morsels are scattered on the ground, the excitement is at its height.

One evening last winter, about an hour before sunset, on returning from a walk along with a friend, we saw a crowd of at least two hundred dogs on the hill in front of the artillery barracks, at the north end of Pera; they seemed closely huddled together, but there was a large space in the centre of the crowd, and something occupying it which was the point of attraction. Fearing that it might be some one fallen down unwell, or pulled down by these brutes, we made towards the spot, as by this time we had become so accustomed to the manner of frightening the dogs, that we had no fear. On a nearer approach, we found an old white horse on the ground, and apparently at the point of death—every now and then he was lifting up his head, and gazing on the expectant crowd around him; on which the circle would be considerably enlarged, but the moment his head dropped then they gathered more closely around the horse. If ever there was fear expressed in the eye and countenance of an animal, it was in that of the white horse; for, as he slowly lifted his head from time to time, and gazed around, he seemed as if conscious of the fate that awaited him, and frightened that the dogs would begin to eat him before he was dead. My friend and myself, being provided with two strong oak-sticks, dealt two thundering blows on the skulls of two of the greedy expectants of a feast—they howled fearfully, the others caught up the chorus, and they all set off: the poor old horse seemed thankful, and actually bowed his head as we departed, in token of his gratitude! After we left the scene a few minutes, we looked round and saw the scared dogs stealthily making their way to the place: and on the following morning, about an hour after sunrise, on going to the same spot, all we found of the horse was a part of one of the legs and the hoof—all the other parts were either devoured or carried away; but how the dogs managed to separate the parts I am at a loss to know, as we saw the horse entire very shortly before sunset, and it was not more than an hour after sunrise when we returned to the spot. It is ordered by the sultan, that when a horse, bullock, or any large animal, becomes a prey to the dogs, that a guard be sent, with axes, &c. to cut it up, in order that the dogs may the more easily make away with it, and I have frequently seen them doing so; yet in this instance I could not imagine the guard could have known to turn out before sunset, unless they had been watching the death of the horse from the barrack windows.

The dogs in the burial-grounds have also their localities, beyond which they cannot stir without risking their lives. Their food seems to be the dead subjects of the Ottoman Porte; for although the Turks bury in a coffin, and also batten it down with boards, the body is not more than from eight to twelve inches from the surface of the earth, and easily got at by the dogs, who, on account of the sloping nature of the greater part of the burial-grounds, can frequently enter a coffin without disturbing much of the surface of the grave, and not only find savoury food in the dead Mussulman's tomb, but also cheap and comfortable lodging, if the weather be severe. The burial-ground dog may, on the whole, be said to be better provided against the effects of the weather than he of the street; as the first can at any time find a lodging in some grave that has formerly served him as a dining-room, while the poor street-dog is obliged to content himself by creeping, in the cold nights, as close to the side of the house as he possibly can. It is a very common thing, after a severe night, for an early riser to see in his morning-walk ten or twenty dead dogs; but as the day wanes apace, these disappear. The dead-dog man appears with his donkey—receives a piastre from the unfortunate Frank



near to whose door a dead dog is lying—lifts the defunct upon the back of his ass, carries it off, and deposits it in some locality, where a few other dogs, more hungry than fastidious, soon make upon the carcass a morning repast.

It has been said by many who have visited Constantinople, that these dogs are perfectly harmless, and will not molest the Frank stranger, unless he disturbs them. This remark may have been true at one time, but it is not so now, as no one in the Frank dress is safe to walk in many portions of the city, unless provided with a good stick; of which they seem to have a very salutary dread, and in most cases will be content to bark and howl at it, without approaching within risk of being touched by it. Any person in the Turkish dress, with a fez or turban on his head, needs no stick, as they never molest the Turks; but if a Frank hat or cap is worn, a thick stick is indispensable.

One evening, on coming through the "Petit Champ des Morts," a little before sunset, accompanied by a friend lately arrived, I accidentally strolled on, a little in advance of him: on hearing a howling behind, I looked round, and beheld the gentleman surrounded by about a dozen of these yelping curs. He was dressed with a hat, and wore a blue cloak, but had no stick. He had turned upon his tormentors, and was endeavouring to kick them, but to no purpose. Seeing that he was rather unpleasantly situated, I made the best of my way towards him, but, ere I arrived, they had caught hold of him by the cloak, and pulled him down. The moment I made my appearance, the howling ceased, and the dogs fell back to a respectful distance from the Turkish dress, in which I chanced to be walking. The young gentleman got upon his feet again, more frightened than hurt; his cloak was torn in two or three places, but that was all the damage he had received.

At another period, when coming through the same burial-ground, on the route from Tersana to Pera, about sunset, dressed in a black hat, surtout, and trousers, without any stick, I was suddenly reminded of my position, by a pack of about ten dogs coming after me in full cry. To run would have been bad, and to stand no better; so, occasionally looking round to deter too near an approach, I walked slowly along until I picked up two large stones. The moment the movement was observed, they retired; but I having made a feint of throwing them away, they again approached with a considerable addition to their number. I walked on, and apparently took little notice, until the pack was about three yards from me, when turning round, I threw one of the stones with all my force amongst them: it struck one on the head—he gave a most dreadful howl, and tumbled over; the others set up a full chorus, turned tail, and made off with all possible speed. At this moment eight or ten Turkish women approached, and seeing the animal lying howling on the ground, and a large stone in one of my hands, began abusing me for a *ghiaour*, and saying I had no business to strike the dog; which abuse, though contrary to the laws of gallantry, safety compelled me to return, along with a threat, that if they would not let me quietly pass, I would finish him off with the stone I still held in my hand. They then sat squat down on the bank near to the wounded animal, and began to console it, something after the manner a nurse speaks to a squalling child, and I pursued my way unmolested.

That the Turkish dogs are often annoyed unnecessarily by the Franks, there is no doubt; but, on the other hand, the dogs are often the aggressors, as may be seen from the following instances, many more of which I could give:—

One fine winter day, at the commencement of the present year, when walking on the banks of the Bosphorus, a little below Therapia, along with an Irish artist, we were passing a Turkish guard-house, and talking on some subject which engaged our attention so much that we were not aware there were any dogs near us, when one caught the Irish gentleman by the calf of the leg, and instantly returned to the sentinel's feet. Enraged beyond measure, my friend seized hold of my stick, and flung it so as to strike the dog's legs; it was however too cunning, and evaded him. He was not to be so balked, and lifting a stone about fourteen pounds weight, he struck the dog on the chest: it dropped down, and the Turkish sentinel began to abuse him, and threaten imprisonment if he again touched it. He was, however, in too great a passion to care for a Turkish sentinel with an empty musket, and telling him to look to himself, or he would have a touch at him after he was done with the dog, he lifted up a much larger stone, and killed it at one blow, as it lay gasping for breath.

In the other instance, the aggressor was more fortunate; for, coming along the principal street of Pera, a dog came running out of the ruins of an old building, caught me by the thigh, and tore my trousers. Before I had time to strike him with my stick he

was gone; although a very unfriendly trick, it was a very nimble one. The wound, however, healed in a few days, as all wounds from these dogs do; for hydrophobia is perfectly unknown in Constantinople.

It has been said that there is a penalty inflicted on the Christian who kills a dog; but I have seen many killed, and never saw any notice taken of it, more than a passing exclamation of horror from the passing Mussulman.

A quarantine has now been established at Constantinople, one of the effects of which has been the employment of some thousands of carts and horses, to carry away the filth and rubbish thrown from the houses. Where the poor dogs are to find food, after this infringement of their ancient rights and privileges as scavengers of the city, it is hard to say; but the probability is, that in winter they will die by thousands, from actual starvation. They are perfectly useless, and the board of health applied to the late sultan for permission to kill them; but he would not grant it, as such a proceeding is contrary to the Koran: it is one, however, that has been, formerly tried.

In 1613, Nassuf Pasha, grand vizier to Achmet III., transported all the dogs to Asia, and would have had them there destroyed; but the sultan, on consulting the mufti, was told that every dog had a soul, and consequently forbade it. After the destruction of the Janissaries, Mahmoud seems to have intended to get rid of them; for he caused an immense number of sausages to be bought, and having poisoned them, gave the dogs a feast. Many thousands were thus killed in one day; but the people murmured so much, that he was afraid to commence a second day's work; he therefore ordered them to be expelled to Asia—but the order was very indifferently executed, and they are now again almost as numerous as during the time of the Janissaries.

In England a dog is a gentleman, compared to one of these poor miserable outcasts, covered with mange and sores, swarming with vermin, and starving with hunger. Verily, no one, until they have seen "the City of the Faithful," can understand in its full force, "*I have not the life of a dog!*"

#### HEROISM.

IN 1706, Turin was besieged by a powerful army of the French, and, though the Turinese opposed to their besiegers the most resolute and skilful defence, and kept them at bay for many weeks, by foiling their attacks with frequent surprises and sorties, and with heavy firing from the walls, yet, at the end of three months, the assailants were so far advanced, that all the defensive fortifications had been mastered, and one alone remained to the Turinese, the capture of which (seemingly probable) would render the citadel and the town incapable of further defence. The governor of Turin, Count Daun, in order to save this last post of defence, and to get rid of a tremendous battery which threatened it, ordered a chosen body of men to approach the battery by undermining the ground, and to destroy it by a subterranean explosion. The captain of these miners was Pietro Micca. He obeyed Daun's orders with the liveliest solicitude and most unremitting labour, and got so far in undermining the battery that nothing remained to be done but to lay the train of powder and to set fire to it. When, lo and behold! the occupants of the battery, probably apprised of subterranean operations by the usual expedient of putting dry peas upon a drum-head, which, by their disquietude, indicate that something wrong is going on below, began to delve and agitate the ground from above in such a manner as to apprise the underminers that they might every minute expect a meeting with the counterminers. The roof of the subterranean passage shook down so much dust, and brought such unwelcome noises over the heads of the former, as to show that the battery-holders had no mind to be blown up without their own consent. The minutes of the awful crisis soon contracted into moments. For the whole body of sappers to retire without leaving some one individual to blow up the mine, was to give up the whole project. No resource for its success remained but for some one to set fire instantly to the powder in the mine; though this necessarily inferred the death of the firer. Pietro Micca took this task upon himself, and resolved to perish in accomplishing it. He ordered his company to retire. "Remember," he said to them, in a melancholy voice, "to recommend my tender children to the paternal heart of our king: let him be their supporter and father. I die joyfully to serve my country and king." He then advanced to the mass of powder that was to be exploded, set fire to it, and blowing up the battery, expired under its ruins. To this devoted act of Micca, Turin for that time owed its preservation.—*Scenic Annual.*

## ENGLISH PIRATES A CENTURY AGO.

THE same thing that has cleared our roads of highwaymen, has, in a great measure, cleared the seas of pirates—greater facility of intercourse, and prompt means for bringing depredators to justice. There are few parts of the world where pirates can retreat, with any hope of security, for any length of time; and a pirate without his *nest* is just as helpless as the robber without his *den*. But in the early part of last century there were many places which afforded snug retreats for the freebooters of the seas; and as commerce was beginning to be greatly extended, while its *security* was much neglected, there were too many facilities for reckless sailors, impatient of restraint, to run away, and transform themselves into marine tigers and sharks. Our English sailors formed no inconsiderable portion of the pirates of the first half of the 18th century, and their exploits divided the attention of the reading public with those of the highwaymen—the landmen having a Fielding to celebrate them, and versatile De Foe not disdaining to write the “Adventures of Captain Singleton.” Madagascar was a great retreat of the pirates, as it not only afforded them a snug shelter; but enabled them conveniently to molest the East Indian trade.

We have, in a previous Number, (No. 43,) given some extracts from the narrative of Captain Snelgrave, relative to the Slave Trade; and we now proceed to give a few more extracts relative to some English pirates of the early part of the last century. The book is interesting, and we believe very trustworthy: and we introduce the extracts for the purpose of illustrating, how much our *moral* characters are under the influence of human law and human opinion. Had Captain Snelgrave been engaged in the Slave Trade, now-a-days, its risks and its lawlessness would have probably destroyed the natural humanity and considerateness of his character and temper; but being engaged in what was then a reputable as well as a profitable business, he stands out in striking contrast with his unhappy countrymen, who, having put themselves out of the pale of the law, seemed to regard themselves as the antipodes of whatever was decent, just, or good. We are reluctantly compelled to abridge the Captain's account:—

“In the beginning of November, in the year 1718, the late Humphrey Morrice, Esq., merchant, of London, appointed me commander of the Bird galley, and gave me orders to go to Holland, to take on board a cargo for the coast of Africa.” After some stormy weather the vessel reached “the river Sierra Leone, on the north coast of Guinea, where we arrived the first day of April, 1719. We met with nothing remarkable in our passage, except that near the Canary Islands, we were chased by a ship whom we judged to be a Saltee-rovers; but our ship outlasting her, they soon gave over the chase.

“There were, at the time of our unfortunate arrival in the above-mentioned river, three pirate-ships, who had then taken ten English ships in that place. As it is necessary for illustrating this story, to give an account how these three ships came to meet there, I must observe, that the first of them which arrived in the river, was called the Rising Sun, one Cocklyn, commander, who had not with him above twenty-five men. These having been with one Captain Moody, a famous pirate, some months before, in a brigantine, which sailed very well, and took the Rising Sun, they were *mooroned* by him, (as they call it,) that is forced on board that ship, and deprived of their share of the plunder, taken formerly by the brigantine. These people being obliged to go away in her, with little provision and ammunition, chose Cocklyn for their commander, and made for the river Sierra Leone, where arriving, they surprised in his sloop, one Signor Joseph, a black gentleman, who had been formerly in England, and was a person of good account in this country. This man's ransom procured the pirates a sufficient supply of provisions and ammunition. Moreover, several Bristol and other ships arriving soon after, were likewise taken; and many of their people entering with the pirates; they had, when I fell into their hands, near eighty men in all.

“The crew of the brigantine, who, with their captain, Moody, had thus forced their companions away in the Rising Sun, soon after repenting of that action, it bred great discontents among them, so that they quarrelled with their captain and some others, whom they thought the chief promoters of it, and at last forced him, with twelve others, into an open boat, which they had taken

a few days before, from the Spaniards of the Canary Islands, and as they were never heard of afterwards, doubtless they perished in the ocean. After this, they chose one Le Bouse, a Frenchman, for their commander, who carried them to the river Sierra Leone, where they arrived about a month after their parting with the Rising Sun.

“At the first appearance of this brigantine, Cocklyn and his crew were under a great surprise; but when they understood how Moody and some others had been served by them, they cheerfully joined their brethren in iniquity.

“On the same day also arrived one Captain Davis, who had been pirating in a sloop, and had taken a large ship at the Cape de Verd Islands. He coming into Sierra Leone with her, it put the other two pirates into some fear, believing at first it was a man-of-war; but upon discovering her black flag at the main-topmast-head, which pirate-ships usually hoist to terrify merchantmen, they were easy in their minds, and a little time after, saluted one another with their cannon.

“This Davis was a generous man, and kept his crew, which consisted of near 150 men, in good order; neither had he consorted or agreed to join with the others, when I was taken by Cocklyn, which proved a great misfortune to me, as will appear afterwards; for I found Cocklyn and his crew to be a set of the basest and most cruel villains that ever were. And, indeed, they told me after I was taken, ‘That they chose him for their commander, on account of his brutality and ignorance, having resolved never to have again a gentleman-like commander, as, they said, Moody was.’

“Upon mentioning this, I think it necessary to observe in this place, that the captain of a pirate-ship is chiefly chosen to fight the vessels they may meet with. Besides him, they choose another principal officer, whom they call quarter-master, who has the general inspection of all affairs, and often controls the captain's orders. This person is also to be the first man in boarding any ship they shall attack, or go in the boat on any desperate enterprise. Besides the captain and quarter-master, the pirates had all other officers as is usual on board of men-of-war.

“I come now to give an account how I was taken by them. The day that I made the land, when I was within three leagues of the river's mouth, it became calm in the afternoon. Seeing a smoke on shore, I sent for my first mate, Mr. Simon Jones, who had been formerly at Sierra Leone, where I had not; ‘bidding him take the pinnace, and go where the smoke was, to inquire of the natives, how affairs stood up the river;’ but he replied, ‘It would be to little purpose, for no people lived there. As to the smoke we saw, he believed it might be made by some travellers who were roasting of oysters on the shore, and would be gone before he could get a mile from the ship. Moreover, as night drew on it would be difficult for him to find the ship again.’ Thinking this answer reasonable, I did not press him further; though I understood afterwards, there was a town where the smoke appeared. But I did not then in the least suspect Mr. Jones would have proved such a villain as he did afterwards.

“About five o'clock in the afternoon, a small breeze arising from the sea, and the tide of flood setting strong, we stood for the river's mouth. At sun-setting we perceived a ship at anchor, a great way up the river; which was the pirate that took us soon after. The other two pirate-ships, with their prizes, were hid from our sight by a point of land.

“It becoming calm about seven o'clock, and growing dark, we anchored in the river's mouth; soon after which I went to supper, with the officers that usually eat with me. About eight o'clock, the officer of the watch upon deck, sent me word, ‘he heard the rowing of a boat.’ Whereupon we all immediately went upon deck; and the night being very dark, I ordered lanterns and candles to be got ready, supposing the boat might come from the shore with some white gentlemen, that lived there as free merchants; or else from the ship we had seen up the river, a little while before we came to an anchor. I ordered also, by way of precaution, the first mate to go into the steerage, to put all things in order, and to send me forthwith twenty men on the quarter-deck with fire-arms and cutlasses; which I thought he went about.

“As it was dark, I could not yet see the boat, but heard the noise of the rowing very plain; whereupon, I ordered the second mate to hail the boat, to which the people in it answered, ‘They belonged to the Two Friends, Captain Elliot, of Barbadoes.’ At this, one of the officers, who stood by me, said ‘He knew the captain very well, and that he commanded a vessel of that name.’ I replied, ‘It might be so; but I would not trust any boat in

such a place; and ordered him to hasten the first mate, with the people and arms, upon deck, as I had just before ordered. By this time our lanterns and candles were brought up, and I ordered the boat to be hailed again; to which the people in it answered, 'They were from America,' and at the same time fired a volley of small shot at the ship, though they were not then above pistol-shot from us; which showed the boldness of these villains; for there was in the boat only twelve of them, as I understood afterwards, who knew nothing of the strength of our ship; which was indeed considerable, we having sixteen guns, and forty-five men on board. But as they told me after we were taken, 'They judged we were a small vessel of little force. Moreover, they depended on the same good fortune as in the other ships they had taken; having met with no resistance: for the people were generally glad of an opportunity of entering with them.' Which last was but too true.

"When they first began to fire, I called aloud to the first mate, to fire at the boat out of the steerage port-holes; which not being done, and the people I had ordered upon deck with small arms not appearing, I was extremely surprised; and the more so, when an officer came and told me, 'The people would not take arms.' I thereupon went down into the steerage, where I saw a great many of them looking at one another. Little thinking that my first-mate had prevented them from taking arms, I asked them with some roughness, 'Why they had not obeyed my orders?' Calling upon some brisk fellows by name, that had gone a former voyage with me, to defend the ship; saying, 'It would be the greatest reproach in the world, to us all, to be taken by a boat,' some of them replied, 'They would have taken arms, but the chest they were kept in could not be found.' The reason of which will be related hereafter."

[It appears that Jones had a desire to turn pirate; and, in expectation of meeting with a pirate ship, had been tampering with the men, and had put the chest out of the way.]

"By this time the boat was along the ship's side, and there being nobody to oppose them, the pirates immediately boarded us; and coming on the quarter-deck, fired their pieces several times down into the steerage, and shot a sailor in the reins, of which wound he died afterwards. They likewise threw several grenado-shells, which burst amongst us, so that it is a great wonder several of us were not killed by them, or by their shot.

At last some of our people bethought themselves to call out for quarter, which the pirates granting, the quarter-master came down into the steerage, inquiring, 'Where the captain was?' I told him, 'I had been so, till now.' Upon that he asked me, 'How I durst order my people to fire at their boat out of the steerage?' saying, that they had heard me repeat it several times. I answered, 'I thought it my duty to defend the ship, if my people would have fought.' Upon that he presented a pistol to my breast, which I had but just time to parry, before it went off; so that the bullet passed between my side and arm. The rogue finding he had not shot me, turned the butt-end of the pistol, and gave me such a blow on the head as stunned me, so that I fell upon my knees; but immediately recovering myself, I forthwith jumped out of the steerage upon the quarter-deck, where the pirate boatswain was.

"He was a bloody villain, having a few days before killed a poor sailor, because he did not do something so soon as he had ordered him. This cruel monster was asking some of my people, 'Where their captain was?' So at my coming upon deck, one of them, pointing to me, said, 'There he is.' Though the night was very dark, yet there being four lanterns with candles, he had a full sight of me: whereupon, lifting up his broadsword, he swore, 'No quarter should be given to any captain that offered to defend his ship,' aiming, at the same time, a full stroke at my head. To avoid it, I stooped so low that the quarter-deck rail received the blow, and was cut in at least an inch deep; which happily saved my head from being cleft asunder: and the sword breaking at the same time, with the force of the blow on the rail, it prevented his cutting me to pieces.

"By good fortune his pistols, that hung at his girdle, were all discharged; otherwise he would doubtless have shot me. But he took one of them, and with the butt-end endeavoured to beat out my brains, which some of my people that were on the quarter-deck observing, cried out aloud, 'For God's sake don't kill our captain, for we never were with a better man.' This turned the rage of him and two other pirates on my people, and saved my life; but they cruelly used my poor men, cutting and beating them unmercifully. One of them had his chin almost cut off; and an-

other received such a wound on his head, that he fell on the deck as dead; but afterwards, by the care of our surgeon, he recovered.

"All this happened in a few minutes, and the quarter-master then coming up, ordered the pirates to tie our people's hands, and told me 'That when they boarded us, they let their boat go adrift, and that I must send an officer, with some of my people, in our boat, to look for theirs.' Whereupon my first mate, Mr. Simon Jones, who stood by, offered to go; and the quarter-master telling him, 'He must return quickly, otherwise he should judge that they were run away with the boat, in order to go on shore; and if they did so, he would cut me to pieces.' Mr. Jones replied, 'He would not stay above a quarter of an hour, but return whether he found the boat or not.' Happily for me, he soon found her, and returned (though it was very dark,) in less time than he had promised.

"Then the quarter-master took me by the hand, and told me, 'My life was safe, provided none of my people complained against me.' I replied, 'I was sure none of them could.'

"The pirates next loaded all their small arms, and fired several volleys for joy they had taken us; which their comrades on board their ship hearing, it being then very near us, though we could not see it for the darkness of the night, they concluded we had made resistance and destroyed their people.

"It will be proper to observe here, that soon after we had anchored in the mouth of the river Sierra Leone, it became calm; and the tide of ebb beginning to come down, the pirates cut their cable, and let their ship drive down with the tide towards us, from the place where we had seen her at anchor; having some time before sent their boat against the tide of flood, to discover us. The ship being by that means come near us, and seeing our lights, without asking any questions, gave us a broadside with their great guns; verily believing we had destroyed their boat and people. This put the pirates on board us in confusion, which I observing, asked the quarter-master, 'Why he did not call with the speaking-trumpet, and tell their ship they had taken us?' Upon that he asked me, angrily, 'Whether I was afraid of going to the devil by a great shot? For, as to his part, he hoped he should be sent to hell, one of these days, by a cannon-ball.' I answered 'I hoped that would not be my road.' However, he followed my advice, and informed their ship, 'They had taken a brave prize, with all manner of good liquors and fresh provisions on board.'

"Just after this, Cocklyn, the pirate-captain, ordered them to dress a quantity of these victuals; so they took many geese, turkeys, fowls, and ducks, making our people cut their heads off, and pull the great feathers out of their wings; but they would not stay till the other feathers were picked off. All these they put into our great furnace, which would boil victuals for 500 negroes, together with several Westphalia hams, and a large sow with pig, which they only bowelled, leaving the hair on. This strange medley filled the furnace, and the cook was ordered to boil them out of hand.

"As soon as the pirate-ship had done firing, I asked the quarter-master's leave for our surgeon to dress my poor people that had been wounded; and I likewise went into the steerage, to have my arm dressed, it being very much bruised by the blow given me by the pirate boatswain. Just after that, a person came to me, from the quarter-master, desiring to know, 'What o'clock it was by my watch?' which judging to be a civil way of demanding it, I sent it him immediately; desiring the messenger to tell him, it was a very good-going gold watch. When it was delivered to the quarter-master, he held it up by the chain, and presently laid it down on the deck, giving it a kick with his foot, saying, 'It was a pretty foot-ball;' on which one of the pirates caught it up, saying, 'He would put it in the common chest, to be sold at the mast.'

"I would not mention such trifling circumstances, but that I judge they serve to show the humours and temper of these sort of people.

"By this time, I was loudly called upon to go on board the pirate-ship. As soon as I came upon deck, they hurried me over our ship's side into the boat; but when we arrived along the side of the pirate-vessel, I told them, 'I was disabled in my arm, and so desired their help to get me into their ship,' which was readily done. Then I was ordered to go on the quarter-deck to their commander, who saluted me in this manner. 'I am sorry you have met with bad usage after quarter given, but it is the fortune of war sometimes. I expect you will answer truly to all such questions as I shall ask you, otherwise you shall be cut to pieces: but if you tell the truth, and your men make no com-



plaints against you, you shall be kindly used; and this shall be the best voyage you ever made in your life, as you shall find by what shall be given you.' I thanked him for his good intentions, telling him, 'I was content to stand on the footing he had proposed to me.'

"Having answered all his questions, one of which was, 'How our ship sailed, both large, and on a wind?' I replying, 'Very well.' He then threw up his hat, saying, 'She would make a fine pirate man-of-war.' When I heard that, I must own I could not but be concerned for answering so truly in that particular. But then, considering that some of my people would no doubt have told them the same; and, moreover, my journal, when they looked into it, would have made it plainly appear, which might have proved my destruction, I satisfied my mind with these reflections."

The pirates began a drinking bout, during which Captain Snelgrave's life was in peril, but for the interference and protection of one of them, who had been a school-fellow of Snelgrave's. Next day he was taken on board his vessel, and found wild work going on.

"Soon after we were on board, we all went into the great cabin, where we found nothing but destruction. Two escrutoires I had there, were broke to pieces, and all the fine goods and necessities in them were all gone. Moreover two large chests that had books in them were empty; and I was afterwards informed, they had been all thrown overboard, for one of the pirates, upon opening them, swore, 'There was jaw-work enough (as he called it) to serve a nation, and proposed they might be cast into the sea, for he feared there might be some books amongst them that might breed mischief enough, and prevent some of their comrades from going on in their road to hell, whither they were all bound.' Upon which the books were all flung out of the cabin-windows into the river."

Next night he "slept soundly, having been much fatigued; but I was awakened early in the morning by a great number of Capt. Davis's crew, who came on board to take part of the liquors and necessities, according to agreement. It was very surprising to see the actions of these people. They and Cocklyn's crew, (for Le Bousse's were not yet admitted,) made such a waste and destruction, that I am sure a numerous set of such villains would, in a short time, have ruined a great city. They hoisted upon deck a great many half-hogheads of claret and French brandy; knocked their heads out, and dipped cans and bowls into them to drink out of; and in their wantonness, threw buckets full of each sort upon one another. As soon as they had emptied what was on the deck, they hoisted up more; and in the evening washed the decks with what remained in the casks. As to bottled liquor of many sorts, they made such havoc of it, that in a few days they had not one bottle left: for they would not give themselves the trouble of drawing the cork out, but nicked the bottles, as they called it, that is, struck their necks off with a cutlass, by which means one in three was generally broke: neither was there any cask-liquor left in a short time but a little French brandy."

The pirates took several pieces of fine holland, and opening them, spread them on the deck; and being almost drunk, lay down on them. Then others came and threw buckets of claret upon them, which rousing them up, and the hollands being thereby stained, they flung the pieces overboard.

One more instance of the wild conduct of these pirates we must give. On a certain night, "supper was brought up about eight o'clock in the evening, and the music was ordered to play, amongst which was a trumpeter, that had been forced to enter out of one of the prizes. About the middle of supper, we heard upon deck an outcry of fire, and instantly a person came to us, and said, 'The main-hatchway was all in a flame;' so we all went upon deck.

"At that time, besides the pirates' ship's crew, who were mostly drunk, there was on board at least fifty prisoners, and several boats along the side, into which many people jumped, and put off. I being then on the quarter-deck, with the captains, observed this to them; but they, all in confusion, said: 'We know not what to do in the matter.' Upon that I told them, 'If the sober people were allowed to go away with the boats, no one would endeavour to save the ship; and we that were left should be lost,' (for the other ships were above a mile from us, and the tide of flood then ran so strong, that their boats could not row against it to save us). So I proposed to them, 'to fire the quarter-deck guns at the boats that had just put off, to oblige them to come on board again;' which being instantly done, it so frightened the people in them, that they forthwith came back; and all that were able, and not drunk, lent their helping hand to put out the fire; which, by this time, was come to a great head in the ship's hold.

"After this, I went down into the steerage, where I saw one Goulding, who was gunner's-mate, and a brisk active fellow, put his head up the after-hatchway, calling for blankets and water; 'which if not brought immediately, (he said,) the bulk-head of the powder-room would be fired, and the ship soon blown up.' Observing the stupidity of the people about me, who stood looking on one another, I caught up several blankets and rugs, which lay scattered about, and flung them to him, and so did others by my example. Then I ran out of the steerage upon deck, where meeting with some people that were sober, I got them to go over the side, and draw up buckets of water: and others handing them to Goulding, who had by this time placed the blankets and rugs against the bulk-head of the powder-room, he flung this water on them, and thereby prevented the flames from catching the powder, and, consequently, from blowing-up the ship, which must otherwise have happened; for there was then on board at least 30,000 pounds of gunpowder, which had been taken out of several prizes, it being a commodity much in request amongst the negroes.

"There was still great confusion amongst us, occasioned by the darkness of the night, and the many drunken people, who were not sensible of the great danger we were in: moreover, the people in the hold gave us as yet no hopes of their getting the mastery of the fire. So I went again on the quarter-deck, and considered with myself, if the fire could not be conquered, as I could not swim, I should have no chance of being saved; and even those that could, would, I knew, be exposed to be torn to pieces by voracious sharks, which abound in that river: so I took one of the quarter-deck gratings, and lowered it by a rope over the ship's side, designing to get on that, if I should be forced to quit the ship. For though the boats had been once obliged to come back, yet, it being a dark night, some people, unperceived, had slipped away again with them, and were quite gone away.

"Whilst I stood musing with myself on the quarter-deck, I heard a loud shout upon the main-deck, with a huzza, 'For a brave blast to go to hell with,' which was repeated several times. This not only much surprised me, but also many of the new entered pirates; who were struck with a panic fright, believing the ship was just blowing up; so that several of them came running on the quarter-deck, and accidentally threw me down, it being very dark. As soon as I got upon my legs again, I heard these poor wretches say, in a lamentable voice, one to another: 'Oh! that we could be so foolish as to enter into this vile course of life! The ship will be immediately blown up, and we shall suffer for our villainies in hell fire.' So that when the old hardened rogues on the main-deck wished for a blast to go to hell with, the other poor wretches were at the same time under the greatest consternation at the thoughts of it.

"The apprehension of the ship's being just ready to blow up, was so universal, that above fifty people got on the bow-sprit, and sprit-sail-yard, thinking they should there have a better chance for their lives; but they much deceived themselves, for had so great a quantity of powder as was at that time on board, been fired, it would have blown them up to atoms.

"There was one Taylor, master of this pirate ship, as brisk and courageous a man as ever I saw, who afterwards commanded the Cassandra, an English East India ship, and carried her to New Spain, where he and his crew separated. This person, with fifteen more, spared no pains to extinguish the fire in the hold; and though they were scalded in a sad manner by the flames, yet they never shrank till it was conquered; which was not till near ten o'clock at night, when they came upon deck, declaring the danger was over: so the surgeons were called to dress their burns. This was joyful news to us all on deck, for we little expected to escape.

"I shall now relate how this fire happened, from which our deliverance was almost miraculous. About half an hour after eight o'clock in the evening, a negro-man went into the hold, to pump some rum out of a cask; and imprudently holding his candle too near the bung-hole, a spark fell into the hoghead, and set the rum on fire. This immediately fired another cask of the same liquor, whose bung had been, through carelessness, left open; and both the heads of the hogheads immediately flying out, with a report equal to that of a small cannon, the fire ran about the hold. There were twenty casks of rum, with as many barrels of pitch and tar, very near the place where the rum lay that was fired; yet it pleased God none of these took fire, otherwise it would have been impossible for us to escape."

Captain Snelgrave gained so much of the good-will of the pirates, that, on leaving the coast, they left him one of their prizes, and he and others arrived at Bristol, in August, 1719.

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## INTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS.

It is certainly a very noticeable thing that Brindley, Arkwright, and Watt should have been, not so much contemporaries, as successors; and that the mechanical genius of each should have been employed almost in that successive manner, which we ourselves would have done, had we been wisely contriving the best mode of developing our national resources. Produce is the basis of wealth: but produce derives two-thirds of its value from the facility of access to a market, and the cheapness, as well as easiness, of its conveyance. We were sadly in want of facilities for conveying produce to the best markets about the middle of the last century. Brindley, the son of a poor agriculturist, makes his appearance, and—not invents canals, for “Xerxes the Great” made a canal—but so improves their construction, as to cause all England to be intersected by them in a few years, and thus to open the road to a prodigious enhancement of our national resources. Then Arkwright and Watt—the one a barber, the other an optician—as if they had received special orders, set about their respective improvements—these improvements being destined to multiply our produce indefinitely.

Railroads have somewhat thrown canals into the shade; and if, in the article of speed, railroads could retain an exclusive advantage, then, for a long time, many of them would become, what many canals became, monopolies. But the canals are not disposed to die without a struggle; they are not disposed even to become mere drudges, carrying all the heavy weights, and moving at the rate of four or five miles an hour, while the railroads are flying off with not only the stage-coach traffic, but even the humbler canal passengers. Experiments have been making during several years, with a view of trying to improve the rates of velocity on canals. At slow velocities, the traffic of given weights was found to be conducted on canals more economically than by other modes of conveyance, but at high velocities the economy of the canal disappeared, “even when compared with the motive force required on a level turnpike road.” How then could speed be attained, with any hope of rivaling, in the slightest degree, the swift railroad? The swell of the water, and the damage to the banks, prevented the use of small steam-boats; and horses could not draw boats as fast as coaches. But the obstacles seem likely to be overcome.

“An experiment,” says the *Athenaeum*, “has just been made on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in Scotland, which seems likely to be followed by very important consequences, in a scientific as well as commercial view; and to affect seriously the relative value of property in canals and railways. It is well known that there is a system of canal navigation practised on some canals in Scotland, in which light iron vessels, capable of carrying from sixty to a hundred passengers, are towed along by a couple of horses, at a rate of ten miles an hour; and this is effected by what is called *riding on the wave*. This new system of wave navigation, the theory of which has been fully explained in the reports of the meetings of the British Association, given annually in the *Athenaeum*, has hitherto been limited in its use by the speed of horses, and been thrown back into comparative obscurity by the brilliant feats of the locomotive engine whirling its ponderous burden along the iron railway with the speed of the winds. The experiment, however, to which we now allude, shows that the same mighty machine is capable of performing feats equally astonishing in water as in land carriage. A locomotive engine, running along the banks of the canal, drew a boat, loaded with sixty or seventy passengers, at a rate of more than nineteen miles an hour! and this speed was not exceeded, only because the engine is an old-fashioned coal-engine, whose maximum speed, without any load, does not exceed twenty miles an hour; so that there is every reason to infer, that, with an engine of the usual construction employed on railways, thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour will become as practicable on a canal as on a railway.”

The *Athenaeum* (for October 26) gives the details of the experiments; they appear to have been very successful; and there seems little reason to doubt, that, with the aid of contrivances to overcome the impediment of locks, (such as slips of railroad on inclined planes) canal travelling may come to be as swift, and far pleasanter, than railroad travelling.

## JUSTICE AND CHARITY.\*

“THERE she goes again, kiting off with the beaux, and leaving her children to take care of themselves.”

This was an exclamation of a lady at one of the fashionable watering-places, as she turned with looks of displeasure from a window.

“Who is it?” said a new-comer, approaching the window.

“Oh, it is a Mrs. Langside, who has been here these three weeks, singing songs, roaming the woods, flirting with beaux, and talking nonsense.”

Mrs. Abberville passed to the door to gain a sight of the lady thus described. As she looked out upon the green lawn, she saw her not far off, sitting gracefully upon a horse, her slender and elegant figure set off by a becoming riding-dress, her blue eyes beaming with pleasure, and her cheeks glowing with excitement. As she wheeled her horse, the beauty of her person, her skill in horsemanship, her waving plumes and flowing skirt, constituted a *tout-ensemble* that extorted a universal exclamation of admiration, especially from the gentlemen who were gathered around.

“She is a lovely-looking creature!” said Mrs. Abberville with a sigh, as she seated herself by Mrs. Elton, who had made the preceding remarks; “tell me something more of her; are you acquainted with her?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mrs. Elton, “I have known her from childhood. She was a gay, flighty, good-natured thing, very smart in school, so as to pass for something of a genius. When she went into society, she was quite a belle; and at that time we were very intimate. She married at eighteen, and since then I have heard little of her, except that she has had three children, and was in poor health. A few weeks since, she suddenly appeared at the Springs. But her course here has been so contrary to my notions of propriety, that I have not been disposed to renew past friendship.”

“She looks very young and very amiable,” said Mrs. Abberville; “perhaps she needs a friend to advise her, and perhaps the influence of a friend might save her from these indiscretions.”

“Perhaps so,” said Mrs. Elton, with the indifferent air that seemed to say, “it is no concern of mine.”

“Has she a mother living?” inquired Mrs. Abberville.

“Yes, indeed,” said Mrs. Elton, “and that is the worst of it. She has been brought up to know better, and that is the reason I have so little patience with her. Her mother is a sensible and pious woman, one of the excellent of the earth, and it would grieve her to the heart to see her daughter in such a career as this.”

Mrs. Abberville was one whom sorrow had made wise. She had a gentle and loving heart, united with great delicacy, tact, and discretion. Though not gifted with brilliancy of genius, she had a sound and well-balanced mind, a superior education, polished manners, and an agreeable person. But the crowning charm of her character was religion; not that form of it which is exhibited chiefly by a rigid adherence to certain doctrines, forms, or external religious duties, nor that which is mainly busied with a system of benevolent operations for relieving the poor, or extending Christianity. True, she highly appreciated such efforts, and gave them her decided support; but with her, the primary duties of religion consisted in preserving a meek and quiet spirit amid the daily crosses and trials of life, in efforts to promote the comforts and enjoyment of all in her immediate sphere, in cultivating a charitable and tender spirit toward the erring or ignorant, and in seeking, by all wise and winning methods, to bring every mind within the reach of her influence, under the pervading influence of virtue and piety. She was like the orb of day when veiled by a cloud, imparting comfort and light, unnoticed and unseen.

The next day, as the party at the Springs were gathered in the large piazza, or scattered over the lawn, Mrs. Abberville espied Mrs. Langside sitting at the foot of a tree, her hat thrown aside, her guitar in her lap, while she was carolling merry lays to a troop of young persons scattered around her. Two or three young gentlemen were fluttering about her, while her husband stood by, a silent and gratified admirer.

Mrs. Abberville was near Mrs. Elton, and heard her remark to her next neighbour, “Just look at Mrs. Langside, flirting as usual with the beaux.”

“I wonder her husband is not jealous,” was the rejoinder.

“He is too much of a fool for that,” said Mrs. Elton, “or he would not encourage her as he does in her folly. Only think of her leaving her children all day, and till nearly eleven last night—trooping over hill and dale by moonlight!”

\* From “The Gift,” for 1840.

Then followed various criticisms upon the style of her dress, her conversation, her manners; while her various wild and imprudent speeches were retailed, with more or less exaggeration.

Mrs. Abberville looked on the object of these remarks with deep interest and pity, and, turning to Mrs. Elton, she remarked:

"Poor thing! her head is turned with the attention and flattery she receives; this is not the place for such a one as she. Dear Mrs. Elton, you have the delicacy and kindness which would enable you to act the part of a true friend and adviser. Why not renew your intimacy, and try your influence over her!"

"Ah, you know, Mrs. Abberville, I do not think as you do on such matters. I am utterly opposed to all this system of taking care of other people's affairs, and remodelling and making over other people's characters. I have more than I can do to take care of my own. Besides, I have seen so much of this kind of impertinent interference, that I am disgusted with everything that looks like it. Just look at that prying, dawdling fellow yonder! To him a glass of wine is the signal for a temperance lecture, a pack of cards draws forth a homily, and a cotillon is a text for a sermon; one would think he deemed himself the shepherd and bishop of the whole flock here. Don't you think the fellow had the impudence to draw up to me the other day to inquire into my spiritual concerns?" Here Mrs. Elton put up her pretty lip, and her companions laughed.

"But dear Mrs. Elton, because men and women without refinement or discretion run into one extreme, let us not run into the other. If poor Mrs. Langside were in poverty and distress, no one would be more ready to feel or to aid than yourself. But what treasure is so precious to a wife and a mother as her good name?—what evil to her and her children so great as the loss of it? Now you are just the one who may save her from this evil, for you have the tact, the delicacy, the discretion."

"Good bye, dear Mrs. Abberville, if I stay much longer I fear you will convert me, and I am determined not to be converted."

Mrs. Abberville rose to retire to her apartment. In passing Mrs. Langside's room, the door stood open, and she espied her rosy little ones singing and romping with great glee. A moment after she had passed, she heard a fall, followed by the shrieking of a child. She hastened back, and found that the little boy had pitched over the back of a chair, and, on examination, she discovered that he had probably dislocated his shoulder. Instant despatch was made for the mother and a surgeon, while Mrs. Abberville took the child in her arms, and tried to soothe his distress.

Mrs. Langside came rushing in, with all the anxious tenderness of a mother; and during the scene which followed, till the surgeon had finished his duties, she exhibited such energy, judgment, tenderness, and fortitude, as tended greatly to increase the interest already awakened in the heart of Mrs. Abberville.

This incident was the commencement of frequent visits to the room of Mrs. Langside, who for some days secluded herself from society to devote herself to her child. Mrs. Abberville observed that she was a good manager of her children, that they were always neatly dressed and well behaved, and that a faithful servant was in constant attendance upon them.

Mrs. Langside was one of those transparent, confiding beings, that needs only the touch of kindness to draw forth every thought and feeling.

"Your children look very nearly of the same age; I should think the two eldest were twins," said Mrs. Abberville.

"There is but little more than a year between their ages," said Mrs. Langside. "Oh, Mrs. Abberville, how little young girls understand what is before them, when they enter married life! I have been married only five years, and in looking back it seems to me like an age of suffering and gloom."

"You seem to have emerged out of it with a very light heart," said Mrs. Abberville smiling.

"Yes, and I dare say you and all sensible people think I am a wild, thoughtless, negligent mother. But, dear Mrs. Abberville, you do not know how much I have suffered, and how entirely I have been shut out of society that I enjoy so much—and how I have toiled and watched in my nursery over sick children, when I had not strength enough to take care of myself. This is the first season in which I and my children have been well, and I have come as it were out of a prison-house into this beautiful spot, where nature smiles so lovely, and every one seems so happy. Indeed I do try to behave as I know people think I ought to do, but my spirits are so excitable, and I feel so happy, and all around me are so agreeable and kind, that I cannot keep any of my good resolutions."

"How I wish," said Mrs. Abberville, "that the severe observers around you could know how much allowance should be made for you."

"Then people do judge me, severely?" inquired Mrs. Langside—"what do they say?"

"What should you think they would be likely to say of a pretty woman, who leaves her children a great part of every day, to roam about with young gentlemen?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Abberville, I feel that I have been very imprudent. But really I do not think my children are neglected. I always rise very early and take care of their clothes, and hear them read and recite their lessons, before I go out; and the good woman who has the care of them feels such an interest in them, and is so trusty and discreet, that I have even more confidence in her than in my own abilities. I am sure my children are well taken care of, or else I know I should not leave them."

"I am gratified to find that it is so," said Mrs. Abberville; "I wish you could as easily satisfy me that their mother is suffering no essential injury."

"I do not feel at all satisfied with myself," said Mrs. Langside, "and yet I do not realise any so very great evils that I encounter."

"That is because you do not realise what a suspicious and censorious world you live in, nor how strict are the rules which society imposes on a wife and mother. I do not regret the strictness of those rules, but I do dread the uncharitable and censorious spirit; and when I see a pretty wife and mother, where she is likely to be an object of envy and observation, in the career that you have entered, I tremble for the results, both to her and her children."

"You talk as my own dear mother would. Oh! I know I am not in the right way, and every night when I take up the Bible, her parting gift, to fulfil my last promise to her, I shed bitter tears to think how far I am from the course she would approve. I wish I had a friend to advise me, and to sustain my good resolutions; but my husband is so fond of society himself, and is so pleased to see me enjoying myself, that instead of aiding, he is constantly tempting me. Oh! I am so volatile, and have so little firmness of purpose! Dear Mrs. Abberville, what shall I do? I wish I could live near you, and that you would deal with me just like a mother. I believe you would find me both docile and grateful."

Mrs. Abberville would cheerfully have embraced an opportunity offered with such an amiable spirit, but she was suddenly summoned away to a distant part of the country. About a year after, she accidentally learned, that Mrs. Langside had become a resident of the same city with herself, that she was at one of the large and fashionable boarding-houses, and engaged in a round of company and excitement. She resolved to renew her intercourse, but for several weeks was prevented by various avocations.

One Sabbath morning as she was passing from church, she was joined by a gentleman with whom she had formed an acquaintance at the Springs. After passing the usual compliments, he inquired if she were not an acquaintance of Mrs. Langside. Receiving an affirmative answer:

"I wish you would call and see her," said he; "she is in great distress, and has no relatives, and apparently no very great friends in this place."

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Abberville.

"You know, perhaps, the tittle-tattle current at the Springs respecting her general deportment. Since she has been at the Mansion House, where I am a boarder, she has given even more occasion for this kind of scandal. She has been very gay, and often out late at dances and entertainments. Her health failed a short time since; I fear it was the effect of over-excitement and late hours. Her husband, a careless, thoughtless fellow, has been very intimate of late with Dr. Folsom, who I think should have been shut out from good society long ago. Mrs. Langside could not have been aware of his character, or she would never have admitted him so freely to her apartments. When she was taken sick, her husband employed him as her physician. Envy and malice were on the alert, and things which with another kind of woman, or another physician, would have been regarded as perfectly proper, have been coloured and exaggerated by the tongue of slander, and disseminated all over the city. These tales have reached her ears in their full measure, and in her debilitated state have agitated and distressed her to such a degree, as almost to shatter her reason. She has no friends here in whom she confides, and her husband told me she was constantly wishing to see you, and yet was not willing to send for you."



"Alas!" said Mrs. Abberville, "the evil has come that I foreboded—I will go to her immediately."

In a few minutes Mrs. Abberville was at the boarding-house, and sent up her name; and shortly Mr. Langside appeared to welcome her.

"Dear madam," said he, "we are in great distress: I fear for my wife's life—I fear for her reason—last night she was in a raving delirium, and I constantly dread its return."

"Let me go to her," said Mrs. Abberville, "it will soothe her to receive the sympathies of a real friend."

Mr. Langside pressed her hand with grateful emotion, and conducted her to his wife's apartment.

In passing through the parlour adjoining Mrs. Langside's bedroom, Mrs. Abberville found her children with their faithful nurse. They were talking in suppressed tones, and looked anxious and sorrowful, except the youngest, who was lisping and crowing in the happy unconsciousness of infancy.

Mrs. Abberville stopped a moment to caress them, and the tears started as they clung around her with that instinctive feeling that draws the young to where gentle and tender sympathies warm the bosom and shine in the face. As Mrs. Abberville entered the darkened chamber, she saw her young friend lying upon a sofa near the fire, her face turned from them. She seemed to be dozing, and as Mrs. Abberville bent over her, she beheld with sadness the inroads of disease and distress on the wan countenance once so blooming and bright.

In a moment or so she seemed to awake—an expression of suffering passed over her face, and soon the tears began to gather under her long lashes, and quietly roll down her cheeks. In a few moments, with an agonising sob she exclaimed, "My mother! oh, my mother!"

It is said that Buonaparte, when he came to the full conviction that his career of glory and power was for ever past, and that soon he must die a solitary exile, turned him on his bed to the wall, and, in a burst of anguish, exclaimed, "Oh, Letitia—my mother—my mother!"

And thus it is with every heart, when it feels forsaken of all the world, then it returns to call for that long-suffering, that never-failing tenderness, which time, nor change, nor even guilt can destroy.

Mrs. Abberville stooped and kissed her cheek. "I will be a mother to you, my poor dear child," said she; and as she received the sufferer into her arms, she laid her head on her bosom, and wept over her with all the tenderness of a parent.

"Oh, kind Mrs. Abberville! how faithfully you warned me! how bitterly I am punished for my guilty neglect! Oh, have you heard all the dreadful things that are said of me?"

"Yes, I have heard of them, but I do not believe a word."

"No, you are too kind, too pure-minded, too full of blessed charity. But the world will condemn me, and I never can live to have such things believed of me. Oh, my poor mother, when she hears it, it will break her heart."

Here she burst into such an agony of weeping, that Mrs. Abberville was alarmed for the consequences.

"Compose yourself, dear child," said she, "I will write to your mother myself, before such vile rumours can reach her. Be thankful that you are innocent; and though for a short time your good name must suffer, yet truth will in the end prevail. Believe me, I will not rest till all that can be done to retrieve the evil is accomplished."

"God for ever bless you, dear, dear Mrs. Abberville! Oh, if my life is spared, and God will grant me his aid, you shall see that I am not ungrateful. I will, indeed I will, become all that you, all that my dear mother, can desire."

"God will give you his aid, if you sincerely seek it; and I doubt not this bitter trial will yet work 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' You need quietness of mind; do not let your thoughts dwell on this painful affair any more than you can help. Trust in God, and in the friends he has raised up for you, and all shall yet be well."

After seeing a composing draught administered, Mrs. Abberville departed on her benevolent mission. She first went to a friend of kindred spirit with herself. After consulting together, it was concluded between them, that Mrs. Abberville should quietly investigate the origin of the rumours, learn the exact state of the case, and then that they together should present the case to the principal ladies of the place, and engage them to call on Mrs. Langside, as a testimony to the world that they considered her an innocent and injured woman.

Mrs. Abberville, aided by the gentleman who had first called

her attention to the case, soon secured satisfactory results. It proved to be just such a concurrence of circumstances as would never have injured any woman, whose conduct as a wife and mother had been perfectly consistent. But a case like Mrs. Langside's is a fair test of the amount of charity to be expected from the world in general. A few were found by Mrs. Abberville, who conscientiously cherished that beautiful grace, "which hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil." Such immediately gave heed to her representations, and hastened "to bind up the broken in heart." But such were not to be found among the leaders of the *ton*; and yet it was their co-operation that Mrs. Abberville felt was needed.

Among these was Mrs. Elton, the early friend of Mrs. Langside; and with rather a faint heart Mrs. Abberville first applied to her. Trusting more to the natural kindness of her disposition, than to any principles of justice or charity, Mrs. Abberville gave a simple narrative of the transactions that gave rise to the tales which already had reached Mrs. Elton's ear. She then portrayed the scene of sickness and suffering she had witnessed in so touching a manner, that Mrs. Elton's feelings were greatly interested for her early friend.

"Yes, I will go and see her immediately; and yet—I do not know," said she, as she heard footsteps in the passage, "perhaps my husband will object."

Mr. Elton immediately entered, and his wife stated the case for his consideration.

"No, Mrs. Abberville," said he, with considerable warmth, "I am entirely opposed to countenancing a woman who has taken the course that Mrs. Langside has pursued. It is just what she might have expected. I have no patience with a woman who has a family of little children, that runs on in such a career; this retribution is just what she deserves."

"I do not wish to justify Mrs. Langside in anything wherein she has offended. Let public sentiment reprove her for neglecting the duties of a mother, but it is right that she should suffer shame and disgrace for that of which she is entirely innocent? Consider, dear sir, what a calamity it is to a woman of delicacy and refinement, to be the subject of such calumny and suspicion."

"Indeed Mrs. Abberville, how do you know that it is mere calumny and suspicion? I feel no such confidence myself."

Mrs. Abberville then narrated the particulars of the case, which to any candid mind would have proved entirely satisfactory. At the conclusion, Mr. Elton remarked that he was glad that matters were no worse; that he thought Mrs. Abberville very kind and benevolent in her efforts, but that he differed in opinion as to the propriety of attempting to sustain a woman who had given so much occasion for scandal.

"We cannot be too scrupulous," said Mr. Elton, "in sustaining the barriers that protect female purity and propriety, and it is very well for every woman to be made to feel that she must be like Cæsar's wife, not only pure, but unsuspected."

"I do not object to this strict measure for my sex," said Mrs. Abberville, "I only wish I could see that it sprang from a regard to justice and the safety of domestic institutions. But, Mr. Elton, do you suppose that if Dr. Illerton had been Mrs. Langside's physician, instead of Dr. Folsom, that these tales would ever have gained credence?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Elton, "and Langside had no business to have employed such a man for his family physician."

"Then Mrs. Langside is suffering the consequences of Dr. Folsom's past misdeeds and her husband's indifference to what in a woman would banish her from all that makes life valuable."

"There does seem to be a measure of injustice in such cases, but you know enough of the general tendencies of things to be aware, that it is necessary to the interests of society that powerful barriers should guard the domestic purity of your sex, more than of the other."

"Indeed, I see no such thing, Mr. Elton," said Mrs. Abberville. "When a woman is cast down from hope, and honour, and happiness, and when her husband, her parents, and all her family suffer by her fall, is not the one who wrought her ruin the most guilty of the two? Are there any evils that flow from a breach of the laws of God that protect the family state, to be traced to one party more than to the other? Now tell me candidly, Mr. Elton, why should not Dr. Folsom be banished from society, as much and as irrecoverably as the unhappy beings who are partakers in his guilt?"

"He ought to be banished from society, Mrs. Abberville, and I always said so," replied Mr. Elton.

"And yet, did I not meet him here, in this parlour, a visitor to your wife, a guest at your table, not six months ago?"

"True, Mrs. Abberville, you did happen to call, the first and the only time he ever was invited to my house. I was obliged to invite him then, as it was a dining-party given to his brother, and I could not have left him out without a quarrel with the whole of that proud and influential family. I chose the least of two evils, you know. It is wrong, all wrong, I allow it, but you know we cannot alter the customs of society."

"No, we cannot, if men of purity, independence, and candour, will allow an innocent woman to suffer for the guilty, and uphold and patronise the criminal, because his family is rich and influential."

"Well, well, Mrs. Abberville, I see I am getting into a scrape. I just came in for my bank papers, and I cannot stay to argue the case. Good morning."

As Mrs. Abberville rose to depart, Mrs. Elton kindly regretted her husband's unwillingness, and said if she could persuade him to consent, she would immediately comply with her request.

Mrs. Abberville next entered the stately dwelling of the most wealthy man in the place. His wife was an amiable woman, yet very tenacious of aristocratic distinctions, and ambitious of being regarded as leader in the fashionable world. Yet she had paid dearly for her distinction. Her husband, the heir to an immense estate, had gone the whole length of dissipation and vice in youth, and his married life had again and again been disgraced by similar aberrations.

Mrs. Abberville found him sitting in the parlour as she entered, and well knowing how little charity such men ever accord in such a case as this, she gave up the idea of introducing the subject in his presence, when he himself began it.

"And so, Mrs. Abberville, I understand you are patronising our frail little friend, Mrs. Langside; can you satisfy the scruples of the over-righteous as easily as you can your own charitable heart?"

"It is a subject on which I feel too deep an interest to be able to joke," said Mrs. Abberville.

"Then you really consider her a persecuted martyr—the gay, sweet little ogler? Well, charity can cover a multitude of sins—that is one comfort. I only wish all sinners had so kind a friend."

"Mr. Merton," said Mrs. Abberville, "I do not consider Mrs. Langside as guilty of what she is charged. She is suffering, as many another woman has done, because there is not moral feeling enough in the community to banish such men as Dr. Folsom from all respectable society. Will you tell me, Mr. Merton, why a man who is author of precisely the same evils, should not receive the same penalty as a woman? Why should not Dr. Folsom, and every other man who has sinned as he has, be cast out as infamous, and live in disgrace all his days?"

This was a home-thrust that Merton was not able to meet. He turned on his heel, rang the bell to hasten Mrs. Merton, and as he was departing remarked, that he should leave her to settle such questions of justice with his wife. "But one thing is certain," said he, "and that is, I shall never consent to have the reputation of my wife employed as a shield for the follies of such a woman as Mrs. Langside."

"And so," thought Mrs. Abberville, as he passed out of the room, "it is such a man as this who constitutes himself the judge of female propriety, and decides that an innocent woman shall lose caste, because she has not kept out of the range of such associates as himself."

Not expecting any favourable results from applying to the wife, after this encounter with the husband, she shortly departed without mentioning the object of her visit.

In a few weeks Mrs. Langside was restored to health, but so deep was her sense of shame and disgrace, that no inducements could tempt her to appear again in society, and very soon she prevailed on her husband to remove to a distant place, where her name and history were unknown.

A few months after, her mother, Mrs. Stanley, paid her a visit, and a short extract from a letter from her to Mrs. Abberville will close this sketch.

"I found my poor Anna sad and dispirited; but my visit seems to renew her spirits and energy, and on the whole I do not lament an evil from which, I trust, so much good may result. She has laid out her plans for domestic and social enjoyment on rational, and I trust on Christian principles; and I anticipate that soon her warm feelings and active energies will be so happily engrossed in the execution, as to render her far happier than she ever found her-

self in her gayest hours. She has tried the world very thoroughly, and I only fear that her disgust may be excessive. This I shall endeavour to prevent. I cannot close without alluding to a subject on which, as you may suppose, I feel most sensibly. There never was a more pure-minded being than my daughter ever has been. Her very innocence and ignorance of the wickedness of the world was one cause of her thoughtless indiscretions. I do not regret the strictness of society in regard to female propriety; but it is because society tolerates among its favourites the vicious and impure, that she has become so great a sufferer. And thus any woman may be brought to suffer, either in herself or in her children, unless our sex take that stand which alone can exact justice and protection.

"I am not an advocate for public movement or discussions on this subject. The thing can be accomplished only by an indirect and silent course. In the first place, mothers must learn to be as careful to cultivate purity of mind in their sons as in their daughters. How often do we hear young men speak of reading books, or visiting scenes, which they would by no means allow their sisters to do! just as if those most exposed to danger and temptation less needed the protection of a pure mind. Would not common sense teach that those most exposed shall be most warily guarded? In addition to this, every virtuous woman should take a decided stand that both sexes shall be treated alike under similar implications. Is it objected, that this would involve the indelicacy of constituting young ladies judges on such questions? I reply, that all that is aimed at can be accomplished in the domestic circle. Every man should be made to feel that his mother, his wife, his sisters, his daughters, would consider themselves as much insulted and degraded by associating with a vicious man, whatever be his rank or claims, as by being associated with a vicious woman. They should claim it as a right, and ask it as a favour, that those of their friends who do have an opportunity to judge of character should protect them from the contamination of vice, which should be regarded as degrading in one sex as in the other. You and I, and every woman who has any influence in society, should employ it to rectify the lax state of moral feeling on this subject; for it is woman alone who can thus redress her own injuries.

"May God bless you for all you have done for me and mine, is the prayer of your grateful friend,  
"ANNA STANLEY."

#### CLIMAX.

I stood in the halls of my father, gazed round on the bare walls and hollow-sounding corridors—I cried aloud, "The friends of my youth, where are they?—where?" and Echo answered, "Really, I don't know."—*American Paper.*

#### RADCLIFFE AND MEAD.

When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton [to a club of medical bon-vivants]. The object was to make him drunk, and to see the man: this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given. And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to show himself affected by the potations. "Mead," said he, "will you succeed me?" "It is impossible," replied the polite Mead; "you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe: to succeed to one of his kingdoms is the utmost of my ambition." Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients," said he: and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "I never read it in my life," said the great Radcliffe. "No;" replied Mead, "you have no occasion—you are Hippocrates himself." This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe; and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettison, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea, who was one of the party: and since, Crespieny of Camberwell told me the anecdote of this drinking party."—*Physic and Physicians.*

#### A STRANGE FLEDGE.

One anecdote of Albuquerque is characteristic, not only of the man, but of the manners of those with whom he had to deal. Being in want of an immediate supply of the *primum mobile* to ambition, he coupled his demand upon the city for a loan with the singular pledge of his moustache, which was inclosed in the letter. This guarantee was the most potent he could offer; and if Lusitanian in its origin, was in perfect keeping with the custom of these regions, where honour and the moustache are convertible terms, and stand or fall together.—*Tod's Travels.*

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